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THE
PRIVILEGE
OF MAN.

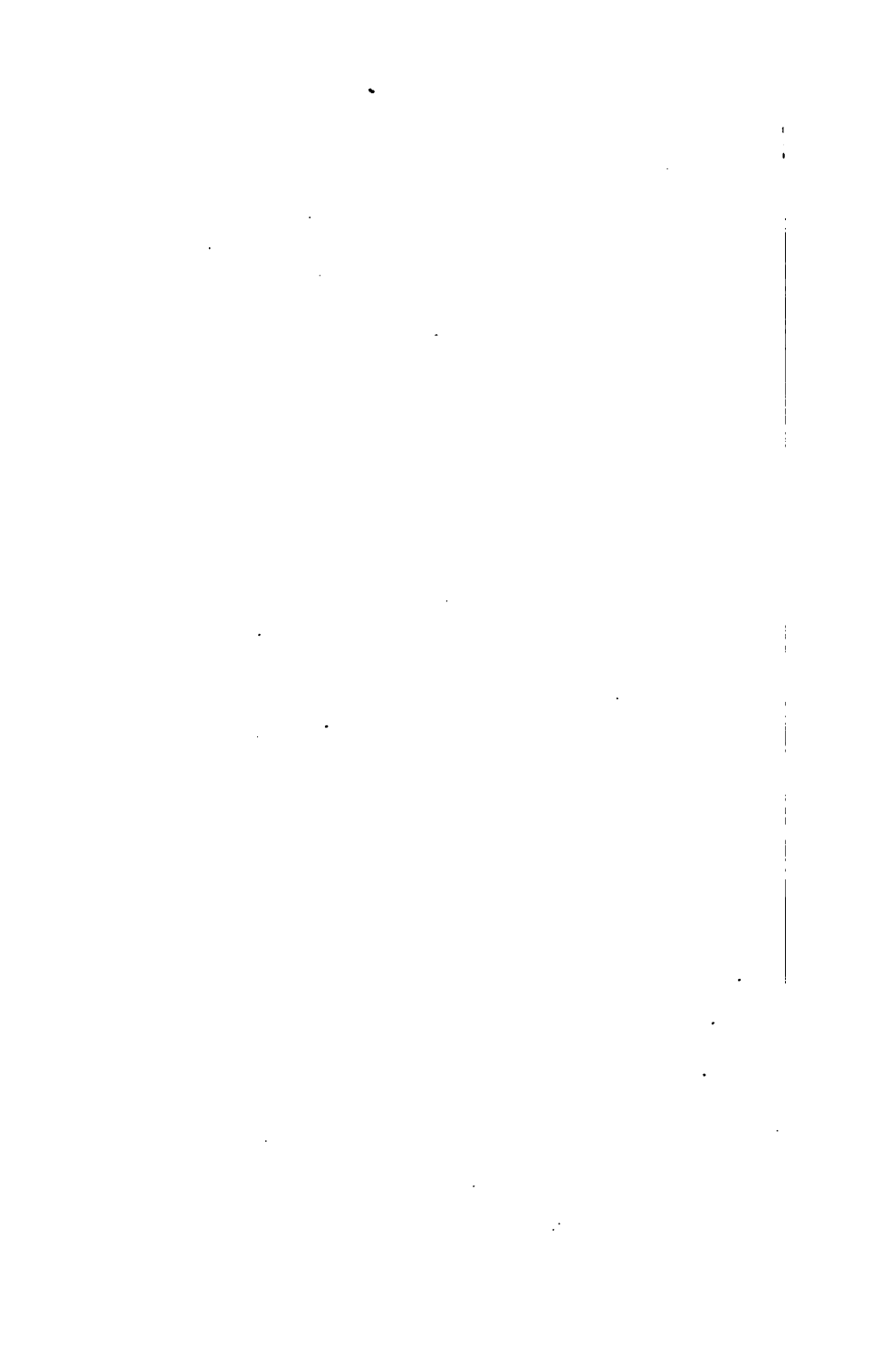
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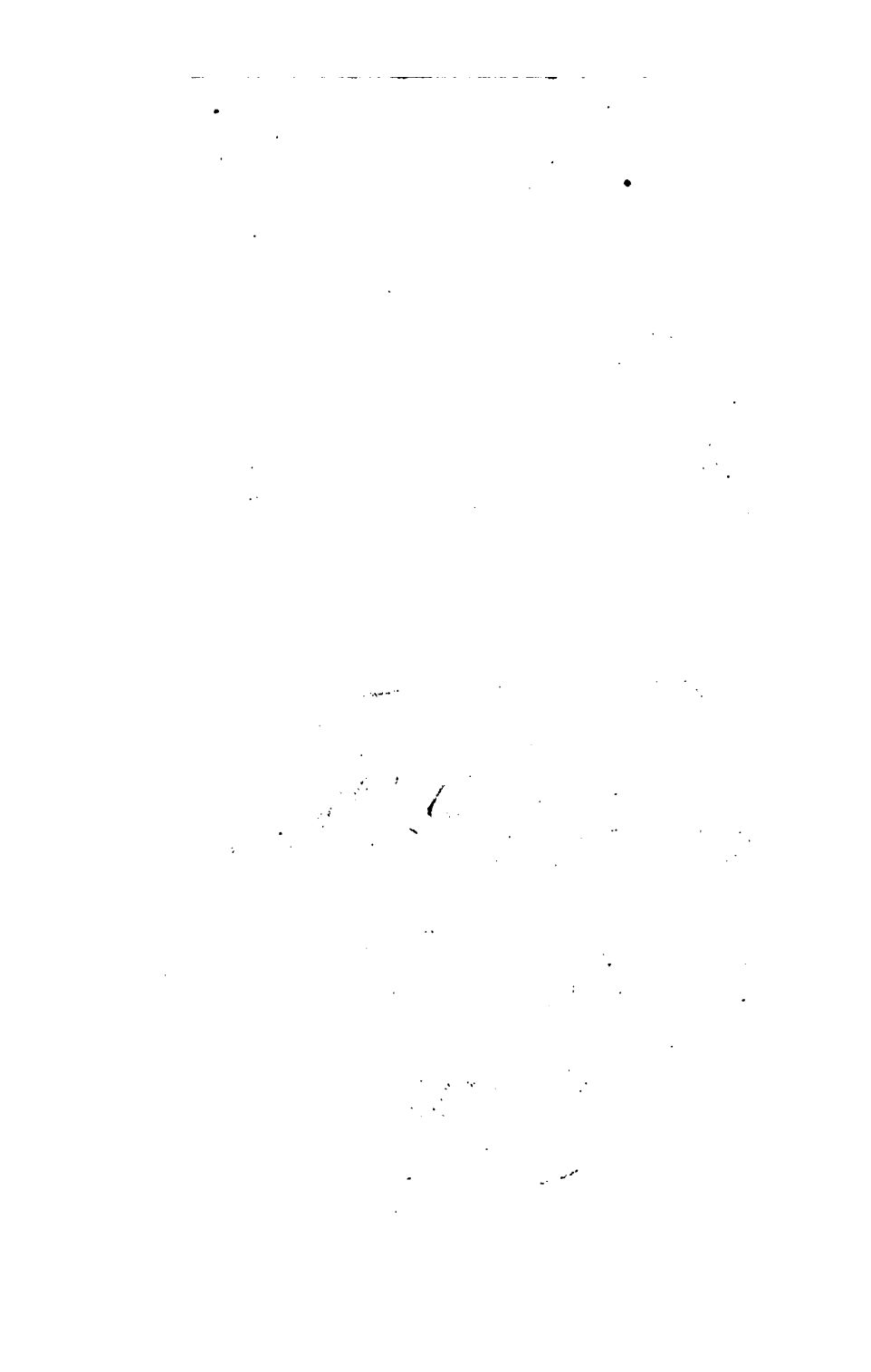






WRIGHT'S POEMS.







Saml Wright

FIFTH WORK OF

ORIGINAL POEMS.

AND THE SECOND DESIGNATED



THE PRIVILEGE OF MAN.

Patronized by
Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

By John Wright, B. C. M. P.

STOKESLEY :
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

Prince Albert,

THIS WORK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated;

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT AND HUMBLE

SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PROEM.

As an Author of Original Poems, I beg most respectfully to address myself, to a judicious and discerning class of intellectual beings; who have read, and thus know well the general and accustomed track wherein our much beloved and honoured Bards of ancient date for centuries have trod, and those of modern times, base imitators of the same, no better style or matter can produce. In consequence of which the noble mind of man feels satiate, and disgusted at the non-improvement of a science so delightful in itself, harmonious, and sublime!—Full thirty years have I closely watched their rife, though retrospective movement; and now, for reasons similar, though not in egotistic mood, methinks a new creation springs; yet captious minds may say, no better than the rest; nor do I here presume they are, where narrow and contracted intellect presides, which cannot comprehend the height, and depth, therein contained.—Poetic genius is a natural gift, by heaven matured. The works of Pope and Milton are sublime, and bear the stamp of immortality! which some would vainly Idolize, and never think or dare to go beyond. With deference due, I boldly state, in this they err, for who would place a limit to the soul's expansion and improvement? Though these and others, quite as noble in their sentiment may thus be termed, "good and standard works." Yet gross is the idea which many do imbibe, that where they stand, is quite the top of intellect, to which we never can attain; nor ever need to try. But hold a moment, not so fast; just let us keep in time with reason, the

product of their mind we have, together with our own capacious intellectual powers, by which, while in the elastic car, we may improve, and on the wings of genius soar to regions of immortal truth, and light, and knowledge, far beyond our predecessors ! But where is our advance ? and where the period fixed at which we stop ?

I here would answer, stop ! never, but, through time to one eternal day progress, towards him who granted this, "The Privilege of Man." Keep pace with time, in things sublime, and never let the past suffice. Mark the wide capacious vacuum between the highest dignity on earth, and God in heaven ! who only all perfection knows, to whom is nothing small, and nothing great. 'Tis he alone the standard of sublimity ! to whom we must aspire ; and if we strive in faith, assistance shall be given. This is the golden lever, and the fulcrum too, wherewith to raise the intellectual mind above all mortal ken ! Thus, to assimilate our Maker and our God. Likewise through Christ, to fit and well prepare the vital spark to shine with splendour and magnificence, progressive in the train of those, whose lovely beams radiate the crystal vaults of heaven !—

Mark, those who would drink the sweet pierion spring, must to the fountain go ; the lovely streams from thence proceed, and thither must return, where knowledge, (without ignorance) shall reign supreme, with no decay of parts, for, wisdom in longevity remains ! Then, shall we stay the intellectual part beneath what is attainable to all who strive beyond the beaten track of human life to soar : or even what gigantic minds may have attained ; while seas of knowledge unexplored remain unsounded, traversed, and unseen ? Take this small hint, then look within the volume you have in hand ; where with the keen and penetrative eye, you gaze on scenes you never saw ! Thus with astonishment behold what mortals wish to know, and catch by inspiration, truly taught the lesson none could buy, with gold or rubies bright, by faith in Christ, 'tis freely given ; "The Privilege of Man ! ! !"


GREAT AYTON, 1857.

The Privilege of Man, &c.

AN ESSAY ON THE BRUTE CREATION,

WITH INCENTIVES OF MERCY THEREON.

The whole Essay is replete with Scripture References, a few of which are placed at the end thereof, as less interrupting to the Reader, who can better examine at leisure, and with more profit or benefit to his mind, than in the ordinary way.

IRDS, Beasts, and Fishes, first were made,
With all the reptile race ;
By him, who Earth's foundations laid ;
Appointing each their place.

Then, Man was made, the master-piece
Of all created things ;
With mind elastic, to increase
By certain secret springs.

Fair reason, was bestow'd on Man,
Sheer instinct, on the Beast ;
Yet mind, perverted Nature's plan :
But instinct, not the least.

Sweet Birds of melody can sing,
And tune their lays with glee !
While all the Hills and Vallies ring,
In choral symphony.

'Mid vegetative matter, fair,
And lovely to behold ;
Matured by our Father's care,
And nurtur'd in the mould.

From whence, all Cattle have their food,
Of which we too, partake ;
And he himself pronounc'd it good,
Who, nothing bad could make.

The Cow, the Calf, the Lamb, the Sheep,
The Poultry, and the Swine ;
We hoard, and do in safety keep,
Nor suffer them to pine.

While they can eat and drink to feed,
And clothe our naked frame ;
Assistance give in time of need,
And carry us when lame.

The noble Horse, on which we ride !
When he is gently led,
Will use exertions to provide,
And plough the land for bread.

And then again, the faithful Dog ;
Attendant on the Stock :
Who takes the Lamb from out the bog,
And brings it to the flock.

Yea, day and night a watch he'll keep,
The property to guard :
His master owns, awake or sleep,
Nor does it for reward.

In duty bound to act his part,
By instinct rightly taught ;
Doubtless he does it from the heart,
As every Creature aught.

This is the lesson which was given,
By God himself, to man ;
From his bright excellence in heaven,
When first the world began !

But overbearing, haughty pride,
Caus'd him to disobey
His Maker's word, and turn aside
From off the King's highway.

Yet, Man and Beast, are closely link'd
In sympathy to each ;
Where reason errs, the true instinct,
Will make a noble speech.

"Witness the Ass which Balaam smote,"
That spake so loud and clear ;
When he, in wickedness was caught,
And both were fill'd with fear.

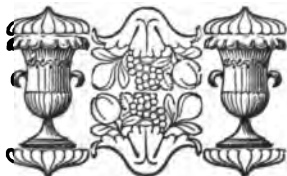
By signs, dumb creatures often speak,
 And mercy do implore ;
 Of those who Nature's union break ;
 Nor Nature's God adore.

To sympathize with the distress'd,
 Is Man's prerogative ;
 And make the Brute Creation bless'd,
 While under him they live.

Whose mortal origin is one,
 With all that breathe the air ;
 And when the vital spark is gone,
 Alike to dust repair.

Yet, reason, love, and dignity,
 To Man alone, are given :
 With feelings of benignity ;
 Whose origin, is heaven !

Genesis i. 20 to 25.—Numbers xxii. 23.—Proverbs iii. 3-11-17.
 Genesis ii. 2 to 7.—Ecclesiastes xii. 7.—Isaiah liii. 6.—James
 i. 17.—Isaiah xl. 6.—Proverbs xvii. 5-12.—Genesis xxxiii. 13.
 Proverbs xii. 10.—Genesis ii. 19.—Exodus xx. 10, and xxiii. 12.
 Deuteronomy xxix. 29.—Acts i. 7.—1 Peter i. 12.—Matt. vi. 30.



THE SWEET VOICE OF CONTENTMENT.



FELICIA Demosthenes, Diogenes too,
Each one in their separate dome ;
Far apart from the vulgar knew well how to do,
To make their condition their home.
And the wise in all ages, have tested for use,
The virtue of every tree !
And have found that contentment alone bears the juice,
Well suited for you and for me.
Mark, the sweet healing balm, and the loveliest breeze,
Are with, or without the sunshine ;
Discontent, with the principle never agrees ;
This statement, is truly divine !—
Th' capricious, are victims to what they profess ;
Hypocrisy, envy, and guile ;
And the outward betrays all their inward distress,
In a vulgar satirical smile !
'Tis fair virtue alone, that can remedy this,
The offspring of which is content :
While the world has its way, she holds permanent bliss
Which cannot by using be spent.
Let the capricious spirit ne'er enter my breast,
Let pride and presumption depart :
For they all to mankind are the demonic pest,
When harbour'd at all in the heart.

In a cave, or a tub, or a sweet little cot,
Wherever my home may appear ;
Let peace and contentment encircle the lot,
My heart and my spirit to cheer.
Fair serenity then, with a smile on her face,
Shall brighten the prospect around ;
All the tumults of life, with the enemy chase,
And bury them under the ground.
Now begone from my presence, sad doubt and despair,
To your own hovel rapidly steer :
As I don't harbour sorrow, grief, trouble, or care,
I'll not have your company here.
From the vile one you spring, and his children ye are ;
You bear your progenitor's mark,
For your business is nought but destruction and war ;
Your mansion is down in the dark !
Then begone to your cell, and leave me in my cot,
Where I with myself can agree ;
Tho' I've little, I've plenty, content is my lot ;
With a heart that is happy and free !
Lovely peace, joy, and harmony, ever abide,
In the mansion, cottage, or cell :
With the spirit of God, our director and guide ;
We never can fail to do well.—
Mark ! the Christian alone, has the power within,
(Whatever his station may be,)
To outride all the storms, and the conquest to win
Now raging by land or by sea.
Then the casket he quits for a mansion above,
And claims the most noble estate !
Free, and all to enjoy, at the fountain of love,
Where pleasures can never abate.

Here, the voice of contentment, so charmingly sweet,
Delights the connubial pair ;
But, when the bride and the Lamb, in heaven shall meet,
Ah ! what must it be to be there ?

THE KING OF GALILEE.

TUNE.—*The Miller of the Dee.*

HERE dwelt a man in Galilee,
And Jesus was his name !
Who came to set all nations free,
From sin, reproach, and shame.
Could I behold him passing by,
My heart would dance with glee !
I'd envy nobody ; no, not I :
Tho' some might envy me.
As I'd enjoy his lovely smile,
So placid and serene !
Free from hypocrisy and guile ;
My heart would then be clean.
And I with generous sentiment,
Would raise my voice and cry,
He gave me peace, and true content,
As he was passing by.
I caught his smile and felt his power,
On that delightful day ;

When I beheld the lovely flower,
Which never shall decay.
The rose of Sharon, ever fair,
And all the lilies thrive,
In vital, and salubrious air,
Which keeps the soul alive.
My Lord is in the midst, and lo!
The sun shines on the whole;
While heavenly breezes gently blow,
I hear my Saviour call!
"Come unto me who fain would live,
The Lamb of God to see!
And life eternal I will give!
Come sinner, come to me."
My voice, in anthems now I raise,
And sing right merrily;
Through grace, I'll spend my golden days
With him who set me free.
And then, when lifted up on high,
The King in glory see!
I'll swell the concave of the sky,
To all eternity.
'Mid angels and archangels blend,
Those melodies divine;
With Jesus Christ, the sinners friend,
In whose bright image shine.
And this the burden of my song,
For evermore shall be;
All praise and power to him belong,
The King of Galilee!

ABRAHAM SACRIFICING HIS SON ISAAC.

WHEN God call'd out to Abraham,
He instantly replied,
And said with promptness, "Here I am ;"
The faith of whom was try'd.
Thus, said Jehovah, "Take thy son,
Thine only son indeed ;
A mighty work must be begun,
And finish'd in thy seed.
For all the Nations of the earth,
Shall blessed be in thee,
Tho' some may travel long in birth,
Through Christ, the whole are free.
Get thee with Isaac to the land
Of Mount Moriah, where
Thou'lt offer up at my command,
Thine only son and heir.
Whereby to typify the Lamb,
Thine Isaac I must have
A sacrifice, the great I am !
Requires the world to save."
Then, in the morning Abram rose
Ready at God's command ;
Not to investigate, the cause
By faith alone must stand.
His ass he saddl'd, and with him,
Now took his only son ;


And clave the wood to put in trim
The sacrifice begun.
Here recognize, by faith 'tis made
To represent the true ;
Which Abram saw within the shade,
Fixt by the golden screw ! [Christ]
When lifting up his eyes he saw,
The place a great way off ;
Whose son with him did forward go,
Altho' the path was rough.
Nor did his Isaac know for why,
The wood alone he bore ;
But here's the test by which to try
His confidence the more.
He took the fire, likewise the knife,
And both together went ;
Abram to take his Isaac's life,
For this was his intent.
They reach'd the summit of the hill,
On which an altar made ;
And Isaac must go through the drill,
Close by the quivering blade.
" Father," said he, with courage bold,
Who answered, " here am I ;"
" All's ready, fire and wood behold,
But where's the lamb to die ?"
Then said Abraham to his son ;
(With haste he thus replied,)
" The work is here, and must be done,
God will the lamb provide."
The father bound his son at last,
And on the altar laid

This sacrifice of noble cast ;
But, ah ! was he afraid ?
His hand he now stretch'd forth, and took
The knife to slay his son ;
And then Jehovah seal'd the book,
For lo ! the work is done.
An angel call'd from heaven, and said
(In strong pathetic terms,)
" Lay not thine hand upon the lad ;
Hold ! faith the work confirms."
By this, I know thou fearest God ;
Nor hath withheld thy son,
Thine only son, from penal rod,
The vict'ry thou hast won.
Then, Abram, lifting up his eyes,
Found what he never sought ;
A ram, (unto his great surprise)
Was in the thicket caught.
He took the same, and offer'd him,
For a burnt sacrifice ;
Instead of that most precious gem
By whom the nations rise.
Thus, in the mountain of the Lord,
Where sacrifice hath been
By Christ prepar'd, our life's restor'd,
Behold, behold, the scene !!!




CEMETERIAL PROHIBITION.

COMPOSED IN THE BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY AT HULL.

LUCK not the flower from off the bed
Where human ashes lay ;
But let it here its fragrance shed,
Then wither, and decay—
As did the mould from whence it rose
So lovely and so fair,
Tho' now it rests in sweet repose,
Devoid of thought and care.
This relic of the last remains
Of whom we once did love ;
Is what the living now obtains,
As olive from the dove.
Look on those beauteous flowers and say,
Their author cares for such ;
And shall he not this sleeping clay
Revive ? with honor'd touch.
Mar not the bud that blossoms here,
Where rests my bosom friend ;
For shortly I must join the bier,
With kindred ashes blend—
And in the morn, the splendid morn,
Of that appointed day ;
When death will of his strength be shorn,
Shall rise and tower away.

Far, far beyond terrestrial things,
Where Sharon's lovely flower ;
For ever, and for ever springs
Eclat, in Eden's bower !


LAUREL FOR THE DEAD.

HAT can I do in memory of
The kindred spirit whom I love,
Whose body lies below—
A bed of flowers so sweet and fair,
I'll plant where I can oft repair,
To see the roses grow—
And drop the sympathising tear,
On ashes now devoid of fear,
Alike to grief and pain.
And yet, in hope here rests the earth,
Till Christ its owner cries "come forth ;"
Then shall it spring again—
The rose reminds me of the day,
When those shall rise in grand display,
Who love their Saviour here ;
Witness poor Lazarus in the tomb,
When Jesus call'd his spirit home,
And shed the parting tear—
Behold his resurrective power,
And feel the fragrance of the flower,
In silence stand amaz'd ;

Soon as he spake the solemn word,
"Lazarus, come forth," his voice was heard,
 To life the dead was raised—
From this a noble lesson learn,
Nor ever dare to grieve and mourn,
 For those who sleep in peace—
Secure they rest in his embrace,
Whose footsteps we must ever trace,
 Till time with us shall cease.—
Then shall I as a laurel bright,
Shine forth in splendor and delight;
 To grace the honor'd brow,
Of him who hath the keys of death;
And prov'd the same while here on earth,
 To whom all nations bow.
Tho' lilies in the valley grow,
And spread their fume through all below,
 The essence of true love—
The rose of Sharon blossoms there,
Amid the sweet salubrious air,
 Of Paradise above—
So may I be, when Christ appears,
And all my days, and months, and years,
 With time are pass'd away;
There, all the plants are ever green,
And fruit in rich abundance seen,
 Throughout eternal day!—
Ah! for that blessed treat when I
Shall bask in realms beyond the sky,
 Where beams my Saviour's face;
And there partake of all the store,
To saints reserv'd for evermore,
 Matured by his grace.

IMMEABILITY.

A DISSERTATION.

 WANT of power to pass beyond
The present state of things ;
Would hold in fetters or in bond,
All subjects and their kings.
If stationary man must be
In arts and science brave ;
Grand genius, never could be free
From trammels of the slave.
The mind would be a cumb'rous mass,
In het'rogenous form ;
Nor could our nature ever pass
The bound'ries of the worm.
Thus, crawling on, amid the whole
Of splendour in creation ;
To settle where we got the fall,
Nor rise to higher station.
A meagre, low, degraded set
Of mortals born to die ;
For ever and for ever bet,
To rise need never try.
But is it so with man ? the prime
And master piece of God ;
Are all his mental powers sublime,
To sink beneath the sod ?
In whose bright image was he made ?
'Tis no penumbra mark !

Altho' he may be in the shade,
He's got the vital spark !
Reflecting light upon the whole
Of God's creative plan ;
Likewise redemption from the fall :
Behold his love to man !—
Our ruin couldn't be design'd,
By him who built us first ;
With capability of mind
Beyond th' angelic host !
How far surpassing which, I can't
In truth presume to say ;
The rising progress of the saint,
Runs to eternal day !—
Let this suffice, and move along,
With pleasure and delight ;
Until you join yon happy throng,
Where faith is lost in sight.
In pro, and retrospective glance,
We view a world of mind ;
Which ever, ever must advance,
New projects still to find.
But ah ! th' reflecting part of man,
Will testify the fact ;
That God in wisdom form'd the plan,
And gave him power to act.
By which, the image of his God,
He must assimilate ;
Or feel the burden of his rod ;
Or rise to high estate !
With strength of intellectual mind,
The standard and the tower

Whereby to soar, if so inclin'd,
He never need to lower :
But move eternal with the word,
That spake a world from naught ;
Which darksome chaos bounding heard,
And in an instant caught.
The march of intellect is such,
Progressing every day ;
Nor e'er can reach the highest touch,
Or catch the brightest ray.
Splendoric beauties day and night,
Are opening in the field,
Where mind can soar beyond our sight,
To myst'ries unreveal'd.
Tho' here the sun in splendour shines,
And gems are glit'ring bright ;
Thus, opening out the golden mines,
Of wisdom, truth, and light.
Wherein we daily may progress,
So boundless is the store ;
Which never, never can grow less,
But increase more and more.
Can we who occupy the mind,
Or boon which God hath given ;
Else but advance nor lay behind,
Or stop this side of heaven ?
According to the mind's improve,
Capacity shall be,
For the enjoyment high above,
To all eternity !—
Mark well, th' acquirements of the age,
In which we mortals live ;

Vast enterprises we engage,
Which can't run through the sieve.
The ingenuity of art,
And science, wond'rous great ;
With mind alone, the project start,
And raise its own estate !—
Witness the progress it has made,
Within last forty years ;
In educational parade,
Which now so free appears.
Those cannot wonder who are taught,
The lessons of the wise ;
When more extended is the thought,
To reach beyond the skies.
Some minds will creep, and lay the plan,
For others to fulfil ;
Who have the wealth, but not the man
With genius, art, or skill.
As stars of different magnitude,
In th' moral hemisphere ;
We shine in various altitude,
And thus on earth appear.
The head, the hand, the will, the heart,
Must each their office bear ;
As nature's laws, give all a start,
And genius drives the car.
Then let us each our station fill,
In one harmonic whole ;
And not a wheel be standing still,
In this majestic ball.
The vehicalic figure us'd,
Conveys the mind beyond ;

The morbid intellect abus'd,
Which often does abscond.
With this idea some will rest,
Indulging sense alone ;
Thinking that man is but a jest,
Or mimic—alien born.
Tho' when he's gone his utmost stretch,
Drops short of his desire ;
Nor can retrieve or ever catch,
What nature doth require.—
But think ye not who're moving low,
That you can't tower away ?
Mark ! trying is the eagle's claw,
To catch and hold the prey.
Thus on the wing, you mount beyond
The rest, and leave behind,
Yon dying embers, never found,
Are scatter'd with the wind.
Then let us strive, to rise and shine
Above the meagre class ;
Who think all human, none divine,
Nor have a right to pass.
Immeability in this,
Can not at all apply ;
Unless the soul of man should miss,
Its rest beyond the sky,



UNITY IS STRENGTH.

A CIVIL WAR, AS RELATED TO THE AUTHOR BY MR. PARKER, AT NEWCASTLE, A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, WHO WITNESSED THE SAME ONE SUNDAY MORNING WHEN GOING TO HIS APPOINTMENTS.


ONCE on a time near Jesmine Vale,*
 A circumstance took place ;
 Tho' simple is the moral tale,
 Time can't the fact erase.
 While unity is strength you know,
 And thus exemplif'd ;
 By which to chase away the foe,
 But caught if you divide.
 One morn in spring, so charming sweet,
 While passing on my way :
 I much enjoy'd a lovely treat,
 When nature's suit was gay.
 And Philomela's voice was heard,
 With all her train attendants ;
 In unity with one accord,
 To gain their independence.
 Harmonic strains salute my ear,
 In lovely melody ;
 The Tyne was gliding to the Wear,
 Both ebbing to the sea.

* In the locality of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Whence all the streams that ever rose,
To inundate the vale,
Proceed, and form the general cause,
Of turgid hill and dale.
Romantic scenery abounds
In this locality;
And echo through the whole resounds,
A band in unity!
The jasmine, lily, and the rose,
With flowers of vari'd hue,
Do now their balmy sweets disclose,
My senses to renew.
The sun shone beautiful and fair,
On all the landscape round;
And I amid salubrious air,
Seem'd on enchanted ground.
When lo! a solemn silence broke
The sweet harmonic string;
And thus advanc'd an old glead hawk,
Flapping his murky wing.
Bold and heroic as he came,
To seize upon his prey;
But others had to play the game,
And he'd to scud away!—
The peaceful feather'd tribe engage
In unity, to hold
A conference here, and war to wage,
With him the emperor bold.
All arm'd with bills in their defence,
Have at him tooth and nail;
And drove the rebel scouting hence,
With only half his tail.

The birds in triumph rais'd their voice,
With language rough and rife ;
Flew after him, who had no choice,
But to escape for life.
In much alarm, the bounding peal
Did through the valley ring ;
Which made the hawk, with horror squeal,
And wend his nervous wing ;
To some far distant rock or cave,
Where he might shelter get ;
As by the host in union brave,
He now was fairly bet.
The victors all in hearty glee,
Resum'd their wonted song,
As they had won the victory
By union, bill, and tongue.
The enemy is chas'd away,
No blood shed in the war,
Nor mooty needless debt to pay ;
Union is freedom's star !


A LIVELY CONFERENCE WITH DEITY.

 THOU ! by whom this world was made,
And twice ten thousand more ;
As lights within the dreary shade,
Where Chaos reign'd before :
New life sprang up in grand display,
'Mid elements refin'd ;

Wherein is seen the lovely day,
With men of splendid mind.
Tho' some with morbid passions, whine
In visionary light ;
Yet, myriads more in lustre shine
Magnificently bright !
Tho' on this small globular spot,
Existence man shall find ;
Relate to me where he is not,
With other worlds combin'd ?
Spirit and matter, are alli'd,
Beyond all mortal ken ;
And tho' the union may subside,
'Twill soon unite again.
A vista peep we have within,
Where all is on the move ;
And ever since time did begin,
Are join'd to things above.
Witness the thought that flies apace,
Where matter can't be seen ;
Nor has it ever found a place,
In permanence to reign.
While cas'd in elements of clay,
'Tis ranging far and wide ;
Nor either, for one moment stay,
Alike to wind and tide.
Progressing in the common shift,
Alone attach'd to time ;
Where mind is oftentimes run adrift,
For want of things sublime ;
Until at length she takes her flight,
Whence, mortals cannot tell ;


One thing is sure, all must be right
With those who're living well.
Here, while the gem is in the case,
Alike subject to fall ;
My confidence in thee I'll place,
For thou art all in all !
A myst'ry to himself is man,
And ever shall remain ;
Till thou, in wisdom shew the plan,
By which we truth obtain.
And as thou art, then shall we be
In thy unique estate !
Thrice blest to all eternity,
Where life can ne'er abate.

THE SINGLE EYE, HIGHLY BENEFICIAL.

IN poverty and great distress,
A firm reliance on
God's goodness, makes our troubles less,
Likewise the many, none.
As we do magnify the moat,
Into a mountain size ;
And troubles make of what are naught,
By sight of double eyes.
The eye when single, rightly plac'd
On objects far or near,
Will never suffer time to waste,
By needless doubt and fear.

But look direct unto the point,
Whence every blessing springs ;
And fasten on a treble joint,
To soar on eagles wings !
Far, far beyond the murky, vain,
And fancy burden'd whim ;
Which loses more than it would gain,
When eye is out of trim.
Those live by faith and not by sight,
Who have the single eye ;
Which brings gross darkness into light,
And never looks awry.
Now, you perceive the object where,
By faith alone to stand ;
Above the tumults and the care,
Which always are at hand.
Cast all thy care upon the Lord,
And he will thee sustain ;
Until thou reap the grand reward,
Where troubles can't obtain.

THE EQUINOCTIAL HARVEST, IN THE NORTH
OF ENGLAND, 1856.

 PROSPECT beautiful and fair,
Presents itself to view ;
The fruit of much long toil and care,
We're reaping where it grew.

The harvest fields are clad with corn,
Embellishing the land ;
The peasant rises in the morn,
To cut it at command.
And then his master looks around,
Watching the time to reap,
While his ripe crops are on the ground,
Has little time to sleep.
Tho' feeble nature fain would rest,
Herself in sweet repose ;
He knows that he must do his best,
His eyelids seldom close :
Whose mind is fill'd with anxious care,
And watches every breeze ;
Nor can one single moment spare,
His fancy now to please.
The sun sets in the western skies,
The moon is shining bright ;
And John is call'd on by surprise,
To work the live long night.
The golden grain is cut and dry,
Ready to gather in ;
Now lads, all hands to work and try
The harvest thus to win.—
For lo ! the clouds pretending rain,
In quick succession rise ;
And ere the sun has set again,
Are spread around the skies.
Harsh winds are murmuring in the vale,
While vivid lightnings dart ;
Loud peals of thunder turn me pale,
And rend my very heart !


For I'm afraid yon lovely crop,
Will perish in the field ;
Pray, Lord, " Thy water bottles stop,"
And let them now be seal'd.
Ah no ! the time is gone, wherein
You might have got the whole
Made quite secure, nor ere begin
Too late, on me to call.
Don't lay the blame on time and chance,
Or tax kind providence,
While you have seasons to enhance,
The good he doth dispense.
Allow me one short respite more,
To gather in my grain,
Tho' I have loiter'd much before,
I'll not do so again.
A time to sow, a time to reap,
A time to gather in !
But if in harvest time you sleep,
You can't your harvest win.
Hark ye ! harsh winds begin to blow,
Loud peals of thunder roar ;
The rains descend on all below,
And harvest time is o'er.
Now you have time to think of what
You should have thought before ;
When you were in your parlour sat,
Instead of being at door.
Your crops are lost, and you must bear
The consequence of this,
For want of diligence and care,
All things have gone amiss.

A time to live, a time to die,
A time to watch and pray ;
There is for all, tho' some may cry,
When time has fled away.

MORAL.

The harvest is past, and the summer is ended,
The product of which must remain,
To the day wherein wrongs can never be mended,
Yet each shall their merit obtain !

THE COTTAGER'S HOME.

ow happy the creature who never does wrong,
And lives in a Cot of his own ?
Has naught to bewilder his mind in a throng,
Where rancour and discord are sown.

Contented he sits by his own fireside,
And nothing his peace can annoy,
Whose bliss is increas'd by an excellent bride,
Co-partner with him in his joy.

Having books to peruse, and pencil to write,
The matter he has in his mind ;
On which he can pore with the greatest delight,
Beyond what the opulent find.

In the bustle and din of a world full of noise,
Distracting the peaceable soul ;
Nor can he partake of their petulant joys,
However splendoric they roll.

Quite aloof from the whole, with time to reflect,
On mishaps and errors of life ;
Through the which he has pass'd, and now can detect,
The turgid forebedings of strife.

With grace to o'ercome all the risings of sin,
Attacking his soul in the vale ;
He conquers the enemy ever within,
And rides on the wings of the gale !

I repeat it again, how happy the man,
Who never, no never does wrong ;
On principle founded, he works out the plan,
Which cannot to rancour belong.

Behold the fair cot, by the side of the hill !
Wherein, is the man of content ;
Whose only anxiety is to fulfil
His duty, and never relent.—

Throughout a long life he has strove for the same,
As you will perceive by the text ;
Where conscience approves, no matter who blame,
A blessing is to it annex't.—

The life that now is, and the life that's to come,
Are promis'd to those who obey ;

The will of the Lord, who has fit up a home ;
A house that will never decay !

To which he resorts when he gives up the Ghost,
That moulders his Cottage to dust ;
Whose soul will then join with the heavenly host,
To worship the God of the Just,

Made perfect below,—in a casket of clay,
And fitted for mansions above !
So noble and elegant in the display,
Of Jesu's immaculate love !

NONE SO DEAF, AS THEM THAT WON'T HEAR !

MARK ye ! yon sound propitious, bears
An admonition kind ;
To lessen troubles, doubts, and fears,
Prognostic in the wind.
Likewise the atmospheric sound,
With marks of liquid fire,
Which oft the guilty conscience wound,
By God's vindictive ire ;
While vengeance in tremendous glare,
Yet merciful and kind ;
Bears on the wings of vital air,
What ominous we find.
The evening star, the setting sun,
The Rainbow in the East,

And Northern Lights their circuit run,
Foretelling dearth or feast.
The Ocean's ebb and flow, divide
The wealth of land and sea ;
Propelling forth the well known tide,
In reciprocity.
The Moon, with her attractive power,
Alternate full and change,
Ordain'd to cast the fruitful shower,
Or drought within her range.
The Pleiades bright and glist'ning, stud
Yon canopy above !
And all prognosticate the good,
To man bequeath'd in love.
The whistling winds, the storms and frost,
Alike in sound advise
We mortals, by the tempest tost,
And teach us to be wise.
The contemplative mind of man,
Hath privilege bestow'd,
Wherewith to hear and see the plan,
With faculties endow'd.
Until the scenes of time are past,
And constellations cease ;
Then he shall take a fairer cast,
With all its bright increase.
Where knowledge, wisdom, truth, and light,
Shall ever more obtain !
By virtue of our Saviour's might,
We life eternal gain !
Whose voice through every thing is heard,
In truth and love sincere ;

This kind admonitory word,
 "They who have ears should hear!"

MORAL.

Mankind in the gross, will seldom attend,
 To truth in its loveliest form;
 But when the bell rings, "Thy life's at an end!"
 The whisper is heard in the storm!

THE IMPORTANT CALL.

MANKIND who are call'd, will but seldom attend
 To the dictates of infinite love;
 Till time is all spent, and their life's at an end,
 When death calls them hence to remove.

Then the message they hear, nor can they deny,
 The monster in person is sent;
 To issue the edict, "This day thou shalt die,
 No time is there now to repent."—

The man who postpones the momentous affair,
 Of life's preparation for death;
 Will find in the end, not a moment to spare,
 When his spirit is gasping for breath!


Yon creature behold, on the extreme of time!
 With ardent desire to save
 The soul that is passing, to nothing sublime;
 Whose body is verging the grave!

All his work to begin, when it ought to end ;
 He sees what is lost by delay :
 The night has arriv'd, when he cannot attend,
 To business belonging the day.

Now the message comes home, the which to fulfil,
 His day of probation is by ;
 Nor can it return, but to answer the bill,
 Prepared or not, " Thou must die !"

In deep consternation he lifts up his head,
 And looks with an eye full of sorrow ;
 The blow is now struck, and the man is laid dead !
 Who put off his work till to-morrow.


THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE, AND PERFECT CURE.

 GUILTY conscience, who can bear ?
 The monitor within,
 Will truth in every shape declare,
 And publish every sin.
 A guilty conscience, who can bear
 The keen tormenting smart ?
 Which haunts the rebel every where,
 And cuts him to the heart !
 The wounds inflicted by the same,
 In pangs of horror deep ;
 Are such as torture all his frame,
 Nor can he rest in sleep.

With solemn tone the larum rings,
To warn him of his state ;
And with its pointed arrow, stings
The victim, soon or late.
Whose midnight hours are pass'd in pain,
From which has no release ;
By day the conscience speaks again,
Nor ever holds its peace.
The restless waves are never still,
Casting up dirt and mire ;
(The Scripture statement to fulfil ;) •
Pregnant with vengeful ire !—
Thus raging ever in the breast,
And penetrates the soul ;
That never, never, can have rest,
While endless ages roll.
'Twill tease, and gnaw, likewise corrode,
As doth the canker-worm ;
Terraqueous matter can't afford,
A shelter in the storm.
Then whither shall I move to be
At liberty from sin ?
And have my guilty conscience free,
From hellish rage within.
The privilege of man is this,
To quit his guilt on earth :
By which to gain eternal bliss,
Must have the second birth.
And then the spirit's evidence,
Doth testify within :
That Jesus Christ his sole defence,
Hath pardon'd all his sin !

Then, is he of the boon possess'd,
Which makes the storm a calm;
The guilty conscience is at rest,
From all impending harm.

AND WHAT ABOUT FRIENDS?

HO know you possess a large bag full of gold,
And a portion of excellent land;
With lack-lustre eye do the mammon behold,
And are anxious to have it in hand.

Then what about friends, when they see you go wrong,
Will they state the default as a friend?
Or lull you to sleep in the same, with a song,
Till your practice brings life to an end.

They'll let you slide on with the bottle in hand,
You may drink of the poisonous glass;
That they may obtain all your money and land,
Do allow the sad blunder to pass.

Then, the bag they receive with all its contents,
And the land in possession they have;
Except a wee portion the Sexton presents
To the body, and that is the grave!

But what about friends, when the man is no more,
Subject to their envious eye?

They have got all he had, and live on the store,
Not thinking they also must die !

And leave their possession to others, as he
Pass'd away and left it to them ;
Yet, something remains that eternal shall be,
Immortal ! the soul is the gem !

The casket in which the same was contain'd,
Has gone to a mortal decay ;
The enemy thus, hath the victory gain'd,
And he, may have lost the best day !

For want of reproof, and advice of a friend,
With a heart that is right and sincere ;
Who would honesty, truth, and charity blend,
To point him the way he should steer.

Devoid of duplicity, cunning, and guile,
Whose motive is wholesome and pure ;
Nor varnish the ill, by a comical smile,
That he may his treasure procure !

A MORAL PROTECTOR.

I WANT a protector, and that I must have,
Through life, as I travail along,
A bold one, a conqueror ! valiant and brave,
Who never was known to do wrong !

Whose word is the bond which is holy and pure ;
Where council and wisdom combine !
With justice and equity, perfect and sure,
To bear the impression divine.
But one, in the universe ever was found
To answer the character given ;
Who conquer'd the world, by a principle sound ;
And firm as the pillars of heaven !

'TIS ALL DECEPTION !

BRIBE in the heart of man, would fain
Importance arrogate
Unto itself, nor dreading pain,
From this illegal state.
Where, nothing to the man belongs,
But shame and sad disgrace ;
By perpetration of the wrongs,
Which mark his pallid face.
Where is the wise ? where is the scribe ?
Where is the vain disputer ?
'Mid light utopian flush to bribe
Themselves, to gain a suitor.
Or false applause, from whom they deem
In rank of noble station ;
Yet, hold them nothing in esteem,
Except their approbation.
The self deceiving path they tread,
Who practice this deceit :


By ostentatious pomp are led,
 To call the bitter sweet.
 Contrary to their wish or will,
 In error those remain ;
 The truth, by falsehood to fulfil,
 Which terminates in pain.
 The humble soul alone is sure,
 To meet with approbation ;
 From him whose heart is always pure,
 And fills the highest station !
 In earth, and heaven, reigning supreme ;
 None ever soar'd above ;
 He surely merits all esteem,
 Whose smile is life and love.

A MORAL QUERY, ANSWERED.

All fifty years, and more, I've spent
 In service of the Dèvil ;
 And think it high time to repent
 Of all my former evil.
 'Tis ten to one, that fifty more
 I here remain on earth,
 To pay on equal terms, the score
 Contracted from my birth.
 The good, the bad, the great, the small,
 The simple and the wise,
 In this account have naught at all,
 Wherewith to equalize.

For, if perchance I'm call'd away,
 The day before to-morrow;
 Not one good deed* have I to pay !
 The debt, I own with sorrow.
 If this be true, to it attend ;
 For Godly sorrow works,
 Repentance,† that will gain a friend,
 Tho' sin in secret lurks :—
 Within the heart of man, we find
 The seat of every evil ;
 So prevalent to all mankind,
 In service of the Dèvil.
 As Christ alone aton'd for sin,
 Our works can merit naught ;
 Therefore in time we must begin
 To seek salvation, bought
 By him, to all the world a friend,
 Who died that each might live ;
 Altho' our sins we cannot mend,
 Yet Jesus doth forgive !

FRUITION.

HEN faith, and hope, in time shall cease to live,
 The day begins, which never ends in night :
 Those graces then, in full fruition give
 Their sweetest joy, and permanent delight.

* Ecclesiastes, ch. 7, v. 20.—Psalm 53rd, v. 3.


† II. Cor. ch. 7th, v. 10th.

Beyond all pristine beauty, to aspire
In lab'rinth high, and dignifi'd above !
To shine in lustre, 'mid seraphic fire,
Enkindl'd by the flame of perfect love.
In that thrice blest abode of none create,
Superb, unequal, never ending store ;
Where each shall occupy their own estate !
Nor known, or seen, or occupi'd before.
Extent of which, and worth, we cannot count ;
And yet the whole to man, is freely given,
That he may thus enjoy, and soaring mount
On seraph's wings, to Gabriel's seat in heaven !
Nay, far beyond those dignitaries move,
For whom the costly sacrifice was not ;
Or needed in the courts of heaven above,
Where garments ne'er were tainted with a spot.
To mar their happiness, in bliss superb ;
Who range elysian fields for ever green,
And bask beneath the most effulgent orb !
'Mid splendour, and magnificence serene !
This is the state in which the blessed shine,
When faith, and hope in Christ, their end obtain :
And by the resurrective power divine,
In full fruitive glory to remain !



THE FIRST POEM EVER MADE OF ORIGINAL
MATTER.*

ORDER, AND SUBLIMITY !

HE author of this world hath made,
Of matter felt and seen ;
Poetic verse, within the shade
Where Chaos once did reign.

The massive, coarse, materials lay,
Fast bound in her domains :
Till all her strings were made to play,
And sound their sweetest strains !

The earth's foundations form the base,
The tenor is the sea :
The air or wind is in the case,
To raise the harmony !

The morning stars in concert join,
The sun, and moon combine ;
To play their part in nature's tune,
And each alternate shine !

Producing all the world contains,
A splendid music ball !
And nothing of it now remains,
But what is good for all.

* This Stanza was suggested on hearing a sermon preached by the Rev. J. Ibbetson, in the Parish Church, Ayton, Nov. 23rd, 1856, on opening a new and powerful Organ, munificently presented by George Marwood, Esquire, Busby Hall.

So said the author of the same,
When he compos'd the piece;
And stamp'd thereon his honor'd name,
To last, when time shall cease !

True time in music bears the palm,
Where every part is free ;
Then each are consonant to charm
Mankind, by land or sea.

No discord was there ever heard,
The rhythm is correct ;
By continuity of word,
'Tis known by its effect.

The God of nature, doth dispense
Wisdom, to make us wise ;
In this, the master poem, whence
Our minor music rise.

But, let us trace the seasons, where
We have a grand display !
Of order, harmony, and care,
Revolving night and day.

While in a sweet perennial move,
They surely glide along ;
Conducted by the powers above,
To whom they all belong.

The spring in verdant green is clad,
With flow'rs of vari'd hue ;

Which make the heart of man so glad,
The picture thus to view.

Then comes the summer months with heat,
Maturing all that grows ;
Which makes the bud, tho' bitter, sweet ;
And charming fruit bestows,

On every living creature, when
The autumn months succeed,
Our graneries are stored then,
To give us winter feed.—

While surly, bitter blasts prevail,
And raging billows roll ;
Sweet poetry is in the gale,
Sounding from pole to pole !

The feather'd tribe, all imitate
Grand nature's gen'ral song ;
Who never lost their first estate,
Or sweet bibilian tongue ;

With which the seasons harmonise,
Our pleasure to enhance ;
Who, in the scale of being rise
By order, "not by chance !"!


This organ sounds throughout the stage
Of human life, as well
In youth, in manhood, and old age,
Terraquean music bell !

Thus, nature's poem is complete,
 Without one jarring string ;
 What in the world can be more sweet :
 When all unite to sing ?—

MORAL.

'Tis harmony, when rightly understood,
 Apparent dissonance educing good ;
 The planets, orbs, and all conspire to raise,
 The song of order, to their author's praise !

THE HIGHEST PITCH OF MORALITY, BY
 CUSTOM FAMILIARIZED.

USTOM, a second nature is ;
 By habit some acquire
 A peevish, surly, sickly phiz,
 Which none can much admire.
 Habituate yourselves to smile
 With pleasing manly grace ;
 Not with hypocrisy and guile,
 But shew an honest face.
 This feature, manifest without ;
 Exemplif'd within ;
 Will rid the mind of every doubt,
 Likewise of every sin.
 Hereby, promote the gentle calm,
 Which brings a lasting peace ;
 In gen'rous actions ever warm,
 And good-will never cease !

Your conscience clear without offence,
 Alike to God and man ;
 By which you harbour no pretence,
 But use the honest plan.
 This principle in practise, must
 Familiarize the same,
 And all your traffic will be just,
 In whatsoever game.
 Sheer petulance, and discontent,
 Must all be done away ;
 And then your comfort will augment
 In practise every day.
 Peace, and good-will are ever near ;
 An easy sweet reply,
 Is better than the rough and queer,
 Which gender such thereby.
 Virtue, in wisdom's ways will shew
 The man, a lovely creature !
 Striving to put an end to woe,
 In word, in deed, and feature.
 Upright in heart, in life, and will,
 Your way to glory pave !
 Whereby you emulate the skill
 And practise of the brave.
 This second nature, have you found,
 Which custom doth create ?
 If bas'd on virtues solid ground,
 It forms your best estate !
 Then practice truth, without delay,
 And thus familiarize
 Yourself, in virtues lovely way ;
 In youth, learn to be wise !

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

SOME men have eyes, who cannot see ;
While some have none, who can ;
This Problem I'll disclose to thee,
The mind's the eye of man !
Yet some have mind, who will not think,
Of aught to do them good,
At best advice will often wink,
And spoil their mental food.
The table's set, and neatly spread,
With every dainty, free,
To suit the living, (not the dead,)—
Who feign they cannot see.
There's none so deaf as those, who wont
Adhere to what is said ;
Tho', when they would, perhaps they can't ;
The music organ's fled !
And then they'll ask, what did you say,
I thought I heard a noise ?
Through inattention, or delay,
Have lost superior joys.
But now, 'tis over late to hear,
Or see, or even think,
Calamities will soon appear ;
Then, who shall laugh and wink ?
Ocular Gents, with boasting, say—
We hear and see, "all's right"—
Tho' they in darkness spent the day,
And now, behold, 'tis night !

PROFESSION.

CAN you profess the Christian name,
Who harbour in your breast,
A disposition for the game,
Which Christians all detest ?
You're educated, sir, but where ?—
Were you in College bred ?
And did you get your lessons there,
To furnish heart and head ?
Collegians, some are apt to think,
Obtain whate'er they need,
Just there, and scarce have time to link,
Good matter with the seed,
Their station's fixt, and off they run,
To sow the same "broad-cast ;"
Who think, at start, the work is done,
Bring empty sheaves, at last.
A Minister, you may be here,
Well tutor'd in the College ;
And yet, for want of wisdom, steer
Contrary to your knowledge.
Let man be what he does profess,
And truth improve the same ;
Then honesty will not caress,
A useless, empty name.



THE GHOST OF COATHAM GREEN.



GREAT big lad was much afraid,
Hobgoblins there were seen—
(As some old people oft have said)
Prancing on Coatham green.

The lad was sat in chimney-nook,
Affecting there to read ;
Attention soon was from the book,
His heart began to bleed.

He knew the work that he'd to do,
Would subject him to fright,
For he'd to go with boot or shoe
To Redcar, late at night.

So now from old Tom Cooper's shop,
He started off forsooth :
Nor could he half a moment stop,
His heart beat to his mouth.

Full speed he ran, the night was dark,
His feet scarce touch'd the ground ;
For still in view he kept the mark,
And quickly look'd around.

While apparitions fill'd the mind
Of this deluded lad,

With passions strong, and reason blind,
Enough to make him mad.

Full half a mile had he to go,
But wasn't he afraid ?
While things were prancing too and fro,
A monster there was laid ;

O'er which he fell, it roar'd amain,
The asses loudest bray ;
Tremendous sound, now echo'd round ;
John up, and ran away.

For when he saw its lugs upright,
And felt its hairy skin,
Both it, and he, were in a fright,
Tho' neither caught by sin.

His bundle from his bosom flew,
No time had he to stop,
But click'd, and ran, for well he knew,
That he was from his shop.

His courage rose, and hope reviv'd,
Tho' nearly out of breath ;
He thought those folks had just contriv'd
To frighten him to death.

From this you learn that simple youth,
Are credulous indeed ;
But while I do elicit truth,
Attend to what you read.

This narrative is stated clear ;
 Without a fictitious joint ;
 That each may by the compass steer,
 And mark the finest point.

'Tis three score years since this occur'd,
 And I've the subject seen ;
 Who told me all that you have heard,—
 Remember Coatham Green !

A MODEST, THO' VERY NEEDFUL REQUEST
 OF A SON TO HIS FATHER IN LAW.

MOST reverend, much respected sire,
 Full twenty pounds I do require
 Of you, who can the same command,
 To liberate my fetter'd hand.
 For want of which, I dormant lay,
 Nor e'er can travel on my way—
 To sell the goods I cannot get ;
 Without the cash, I'm nearly bet,
 So here at anchor I remain,
 Till money starts me off again :
 Now, if your will be one with mine,
 The small request you won't decline.
 If not, you may be sure of this,
 The talent, bur'd, is amiss ;
 By none improvement of your store,
 You'll lose the sum, and get no more.

But, if you listen to the call
 Of Him, the owner of us all,
 The int'rest, with the sum you'll get ;
 He'll not allow us to be bet,
 Who owns the silver and the gold,
 By which, good things are bought and sold ;
 And, as he's furnish'd you with such,—
 You must not think I ask too much.
 To grant the same, as I request,
 And leave to you, and God, the rest,
 Who bids you now, to others do,
 As you'd have others do to you.

THE BUSY-BODY, AND SELF-CONCERNED.

Who meddles with his neighbour's work,
 And quite neglects his own ;
 Will never use the rake and fork,
 Nor have his fallow sown.

This factious man can never rest,
 Contented in his station ;
 Disconsolate, and sore oppress
 Is he, without occasion.

Oft, in society you'll find
 This sad tormenting pest—
 With language, anything but kind,
 Whose heart's a filthy nest.

Tho' "right in all his ways," no doubt
He fancies he is pure—
On him, instructions tell for naught,
He has no faults to cure !

"Self righteous men" are ever clean,
And good in their own eyes—
Just in this character is seen—
The fool, who thinks he's wise.

Thus, to the jaundic'd eye appear
The vari'd colours one,—
Altho' it seems so vague and queer,
The sense of sight is gone.


All faults, they see by others done ;
But can't discern their own—
And thus deluded, travel on,
Till cataracts are grown.—

A pellicle to say the least,
Doth cover half his eye :
On whose sleek forehead "mark the beast,"
Which kills him on the sly !

Avoid the same, my friends, while you,
Have eyes wherewith to see,
Now, give to each the credit due—
And let your neighbours be.



A WINTER PIECE.


 HO' Winter's surly blast may blow,
 And vend its spleen on me,
 I, brighter scenes shall surely know,
 Than those we mortals see.
 Yon hoary mountains boldly stand,
 Out-riding every storm!
 And take the bitter blast by hand,
 Co-partner in the firm.
 Yea, all the "Hills," are clad in white!
 And rob'd from top to toe;
 Studded with pearly drops, (so bright,)
 Which dazzle all below.—
 Keen blows the wind, o'er sea and land.
 "Boreas" holds the sway!
 By him, who hath the sole command,
 Creating night and day.
 The fruit—the Fir tree, and the Pine,
 Whose sap lay under ground,
 In white habiliments do shine,
 All trimm'd with frost around.
 While in the valley here below,
 So splendid is the view!
 The earth is cover'd o'er with snow,
 The eaves are pearly dew.—
 The Bird with plaintive note is heard,
 While rustling winds alarm,
 The stalled Ox, the bell-wing herd,
 And rustics on the Farm.

Thus, tho' the elements combine,
And every prospect blight :
A better subject now be mine,
"The day succeeds the night."—
Behold, bleak winter has gone past !
The sun begins to peep,
And spread his rays with brilliant cast ;
All nature wakes from sleep.
Now, spring arrives, and all appears
In bloom, and beauty fair !
Dispelling carping doubts, and fears ;
'Mid sweet salubrious air.
Here, all the Feather-tribe rejoice,
And hail the sunny day—
Wherein is heard the Cuckoo's voice,
As in the month of May.
They serenade their sweet abodes,
In flow'ry verdure clad ;
While all the scenery affords
Occasion to be glad.
Altho' their tongue was nearly mute,
Each now rejoice to see,
The earth has swallow'd winter's suit !
And set her captives free.
Sol, "in the southern hemisphere,"
Doth cast a brilliant eye,
"On every Island," far, and near ;
And shall I tell you why ?
The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !
Our benefactor, he—
Who rides above, on seraph's wings,
And rules both land and sea.

The wind and storm, his voice obey ;
And all the Frost and Snow,
Own his supremacy and sway,
At whose command they thaw.
The elements are in his hand,
Yea, he controls the whole
Who bid on heaps the waters stand,
And in an instant fall !
Here, while the blast of life may blow,
With Winter's pinching smart ;
Let us this lesson learn, and know,
What thaws the frozen heart !
Above terraqueous things may we,
Look up to him who said,
" Stretch forth thy wither'd hand to me,"
Who rais'd to life, the dead.
True faith we now must exercise
In Christ, call'd forth to prove,
And test the virtue of the wise :
Who live, and hope, and love.
A soul within, each have to save,
Nature must change her form !
Ere we the bitter blast can brave ;
And out-ride every storm.—
The sun of righteousness shall rise,
With healing on his wings !
To claim the Church " his only prize,
Who, free salvation brings."



ALEXANDER THE GREAT, AND THE LARGE
APPLE!

 TIME and talent, improv'd, gives comfort to all
Mankind, who in duty delight—
Tho' since the the first Adam, fell ill with his fall,
This world is an apple we bite.

And each have a taste for it, bitter or sweet,
Who drive in their own polish'd wedge;
Will toss it, and catch it, and bruise it to eat,
And set the young teeth quite on edge.


Hoarding up, dividing, or parceling out,
A shadow they cannot retain;
The wealthy possessor shall own it is nought,
The bubble is bursting again!

Behold Alexander, who conquer'd the world,
Wherein he was conquer'd at last!
By the wind, which to him the message unfurl'd,
Nor could he bear under the blast.

The grace of contentment, can not be obtain'd,
From any terraqueous stuff!
Hear witness! the Monarch himself, when he gain'd
The world, and he hadn't enough.

The internal jewel was never found there,
Anxiety fill'd him with pain;
For he sat down and wept, worn out in despair!
And never could rally again.—

THE SOLITUDENARIAN.

 Oh, happy state ! in "solitude" let me
 Enjoy the sweets of contemplation grand,
 From all the vague and vulgar thoughted, free—
 To choose, and take true friendship by the hand,
 Here, love in shady lone retirement,
 Produces pleasure, good-will, and delight,
 While heart and mind have peace with true content !
 Thus exercis'd by day, rest well at night.
 Inspir'd by noble sentiment, to rise
 Above low thoughted vice, and paltry joy ;
 To mount on earth, and soar above the skies—
 Where nothing can tranquility annoy.
 And while in "solitude" we learn forsooth
 To sound the lyre, and sing our Maker's praise !
 Who nourish virtue at the breast of truth,
 Shall thrive, and grow, in wisdom's lovely ways !
 Affliction's bitter cup is sweeten'd here—
 And morbid passions of the soul, abate :
 While motives of the heart, are all sincere !
 In this delightful, "solitary state !"—
 The thorny paths of life, are strew'd with flowers,
 And balmy sweets, perfume the murky shade :
 While in those happy, free, sequester'd bowers,
 Enjoy the music of the serenade !
 Ah, lovely "solitude !" the lone retreat !—
 I long with thee society to form ;
 Where friendship, love, and truth, together meet,
 And drive far hence, the low'ring, pendant, storm.

Secluded from the public maze, she rides !
Or walks retir'd, with her beloved mate,
And moves anon, with vivid, rapid strides :
To shut, or ope' the muses' palace gate !
Admitting none but those whom both approve ;
Whose conversation suits the nobly great !
Sublime, in honor ; dignity, and love
Her sole delight is, on the same to wait.
Altho' the rustling winds, (without,) may howl—
Within, he has the boon which comfort yields !
This grand, unique, embellishment of soul,
Displays its lustre in the mental fields.—
Ah, lovely " solitude !" at home with thee,
I'm quite agre'd to contemplate the muse ;
And in her chambers lodge, where all is free !
With " Nature's book," at leisure to peruse.
May I such company encourage here !
As is alone befitting man to keep :—
Discarding doubt, distress, and morbid fear,
Rejoic'd awake, and sooth'd in balmy sleep.
The noblest faculties of mind, thereby
Refresh'd, refin'd, enlarg'd, within the bow'r,—
With golden wings to rise, and mount on high !
Prepar'd to court the muse, and pluck the flow'r.
Which springs in every thought, with love combin'd !
While all the passions are controll'd, in peace :
And thus, the tenor of the human mind
Is held secure, where pleasures never cease !—
The prowess of the soul, is all awake,
With energetic strength its way pursue,
In lovely fields of fruit, of which partake,
And thus, again the faculties renew.

So bless'd is "solitude," to those who mark
 The proper time, to court her winning smiles;
 Nor ever seek their pleasures in the dark—
 Where ills, oft menace, and deceit beguiles.
 High privileg'd is man, with golden days!
 Wherein, he may with all his ransom'd pow'rs,
 Delighted, sing! his great Redeemer's praise.
 Mounting on "seraphs wings," his spirit tow'rs!—
 In "solitude" the world is best shut out,
 To entertain the honor'd "Prince of Peace!"
 Who, for us, every solid comfort bought:
 And will'd the same, by one perpetual lease.—
 To those who prove it by the standard test,
 His own new name he gives, likewise the seal;
 To shew that man, is now, and ever bless'd!
 This truth, the virtuous know, and see, and feel.


THE CLEVELAND FEAST, PREPARED!

CLEAVE Cleveland, in Yorkshire, of which I will sing,
 And speak of her splendoric fame!
 Enhancing the treasure of Peasant and King,
 Who honour Proprietor's name.
 But, let us commence with her eminent hills,
 Thence, survey the valley below,
 Where rivers in torrents, and sweet flowing rills,
 'Suscitate the riches we grow.
 In our gardens and fields, so mountainous bound!
 Abundance of Fruit doth appear;

Fertility marks all the Landscape around,
And we have the benefit here.
So rurally situate, not in the dark,
"The Paradisiacal spot!"
Resounds with the musical notes of the Lark,
And Birds in the grove and the grot,
While the rays of the Sun obliquely may shine,
And tinge the grand scenery around;
The prospect of all is assuredly mine,
When love in the centre is found.
These high tow'ring "Hills," are with riches replete!
The Author of which hid in store—
For us, in addition to every thing sweet;
What could he have done for us more?
Predicted we have, "Isaiah foretold,"
That the hills so barren, should be
A source of much fruit, which now we behold,
In "Cleveland," the top of the tree!
No more need I say on this topic, I'm sure,
Th' inhabitants see, know, and feel,
All the comforts of life are now made secure,
To those who appreciate weal.
This demands gratitude, the spring of content,
And mother of all we possess!
Which ever gives birth to the principal lent,
But never will harbour distress.
The Father of all we enjoy is the Lord,
Sole maker of Heaven and Earth,
Who winds up the same, with the union cord,
And love is the handmaid at birth.
Where Faith, Hope, and Charity, ever combine,
True happiness is the result;

And in her embraces, who wouldn't but shine,
 As stars in the heav'nly vault.
 A wonderful Progeny ever shall bear
 The badge of the honor'd and free ;
 And none but the blessed on earth shall be there,
 To enjoy the fruit of the Tree.
 Altho' the bright Canaan is bounded by seas,
 And the swellings of Jordan arise ;
 All the universe now, may come if they please,
 And cleave the good land for a prize !

THE PATHETIC INQUIRY.

 HERE are the friends that to me were so dear ?
 Long, long ago—
 Where is the hope that my heart us'd to cheer ?
 Long, long ago,—
 Friends whom I lov'd, in the grave are laid low,
 Hopes that I cherish'd, are meandering woe,
 Where are the comforts, to me then so dear ?
 Long, long ago.
 Bright shone the day, and the sky was so clear !
 Long, long ago—
 Love in my bosom, dispel'd morbid fear
 Long, long ago.—
 Friends all around me, did smile on their way,
 Those whom I met then, would nod time o' day ;
 Where are the comforts, to me held so dear ?
 Long, long ago !—

Loud call'd the Cuckoo, in spring of the year,
Long, long ago,—
Sweet sang the birds then, so charming to hear ;
Long, long ago.—
Where is the music, that rang through the vale ?
Where sounds the echo ! on wings of the gale.
Where are the pleasures to me then so dear ?
Long, long ago.

Where are the Babes, which around me did play ?
Long, long ago ;—
Likewise the Prattler, that father did say,
Long, long ago.—
Sweet were the accents which fell from his lip,
While, on the green grass, where he us'd to trip :
Where are the comforts, to me then so dear ?
Long, long ago.

All these, are far fled, (nor will they return ;)
Long, long ago,—
Left me in sadness, and sorrow, to mourn,
Long, long ago.—
Ah, my dear Partner, hath fled from me too !
Nothing is left, for to solace me now :
Where are the friends, that my heart us'd to cheer ?
Long, long ago.

Lay hold on comfort "The Father" hath giv'n !
Long, long ago,—
"Jesus your Friend," (came direct down from heav'n !)
Long, long ago.—

All you possess then, in him is the store !
 More than I've mention'd, abundantly more :
 Comfort is there, which the heart used to cheer
 Long, long ago.

A BIRTH-DAY PRESENT,

(THE FATHER'S BLESSING,) TO HENRY GEORGE BARWICK,
 ESQ., WHITBY, BORN JUNE 21, 1849.

AND didst thou reach the longest day,
 That moment thou was born ?
 Then shall I ask, (without delay,)
 Art thou of evil shorn ?
 The answer is, no doubt of that ;
 The Babe in Bethlehem,
 Was born, and liv'd, and died, for what
 Is term'd " the precious gem."—
 'Twas Christ who did redeem thy soul
 From every native sin ;
 That thou might drink the crystal bowl ;
 With fountain fix'd within.—
 To every child of man he gave
 A portion of his spirit ;
 To profit by, the soul to save !
 And life, and bliss inherit.
 This privilege is thine, my Child,
 Through grace alone 'tis giv'n
 Thy name is on the pages fil'd,
 And ratified in heav'n !

The twenty-first of June, gave birth
 To thee, my only son ;
 Now station'd on this Planet, (Earth,)
 Thy heavenly course to run.
 So run that thou obtain the prize,
 The pearl of greatest price ;
 Where Sun's immortal ever rise !
 On Wisdom's merchandise.
 Thus then, " the longest day," to thee,
 Is realiz'd indeed !
 And joys eternal, ever be
 Possess'd, in time of need.

THE FATHER'S SOLICITUDE.

WHEN shall I long to share with thee :
 In thy unique estate ?
 Where happiness shall ever be,
 And bliss can ne'er abate.
 But what am I now speaking of :
 Is this the fruit of earth ?
 Or is it the product of Love,
 Commencing with its birth ?
 And who is he, who thus can speak,
 Of comfort, joy, and peace ?
 A worm, whom Jesus " came to seek,"
 T' enjoy its vast increase !
 Then will I strive for this to-day,
 Or it may be too late :


As time and tide can never stay !
Nor on a mortal wait,
To-day, before to-morrow's sun,
I may be call'd away ;
And then th' estate is lost, or won ;
Throughout the longest day.—
I now have reach'd my fortieth year ;
The central age of man ;
In vigour, and in health appear ! •
Tho' life is but a span.
My longest day has just gone by
I'm verging down the hill :
The wheels of life, (so often dry !)
Will soon be standing still.
The oil of grace, can only give,
Impetus to the soul :
(That when this body dies,) to live !
And drink the crystal bowl.
The three score years and ten may be,
My full allotment here ;
But should I not that number see :
I'll have my passport clear !—
As now, my vessel is in time,
Tho' on the ocean toss'd ;
'Tis bound for yon superior clime,
Where, not one soul is lost !
This gives me consolation sweet,
My captain's at the helm !
Altho' cross winds, and tempests meet,
My vessel, can't o'erwhelm,—
I've rail'd, and built up many a ship,
To cross the Atlantic ocean ;

And launch'd the same from off my slip :
 To gain an earthly portion.
 I cannot tell the number cross'd,
 The equinoctial line !
 Nor yet the men or vessels lost :
 Which once I counted mine.—
 But, thanks to God, my little bark
 Wherein the "Gem" is found !
 Possesses much, the vital spark,
 To "Canaan" now is bound.—
 Blow, breezes blow, in gentle gales,
 And waft the Cargo on ;
 To where the Harbour never fails ;
 Secur'd by three in one.

MORAL.

The vessel that sails on the ocean of time :
 Is sure to be wreck'd in the end !
 Tho' the crew may obtain a heavenly clime,
 With Jesus, their captain and friend !

 ILLEGAL TAXATION ON PROVIDENCE, AND
 PRESUMPTIVE SELF-BOASTING.

 HANKIND are very apt to boast,
 When fortunes smiles are gay ;
 And give themselves a splendid toast,
 Thus, we have won the day !*

* Jeremiah, ch. 9th, v. 23rd.

By artful schemes, nor mean and low ;
 We stand above the rest,
Who make a turgid glit'ring show !
 We've feather'd well our nest—
And thus, in arrogance and pride,
 Attribute every good
Unto themselves, and none beside !
 This fact is understood.*
With all, a portion they have not,
 To give unto the poor ;
But quickly drive them off their spot :
 To beg from door to door.
Tho' when reverse of fortune takes
 Possession of their store ;
The morbid sense so quickly wakes !
 Which slept too long before.
Now, half stagnated at the change,
 They rub their eyes to see !
And think the circumstance so strange,
 Wond'ring how this can be !
They lay the blame on men, and things,
 But never think of this ;
" That Nature has her secret springs,"
 Nor can she do amiss.—
Nevertheless, such will contend,
 That Providence is wrong ;
Which might the subject vastly mend ;
 And never use the thong.
This, they consider cruel then
 To bring them to their senses ;

* Deuteronomy, ch. 8th, v. 17th.

For they are just, and honest men ;
 But cannot pay expenses.—
 As such, they think the charge is due,
 From those who wealth possess !
 And pinch them, with the magic screw ;
 Wisdom, can not do less.—
 Just so, thy judgment now seems right,
 Examine well thyself ;
 Then lure kind Providence to bite,
 The man possess'd of pelf.
 Thou art the man, " The very man !"
 Who boasted of thy store,"
 So he who gave, must use his fan,
 And cast it on the shore.
 In ostentatious pomp and pride,
 Thy standard didst thou raise !
 The way of Providence deride ;
 And arrogate his praise !

MORAL.

Submit thyself unto God's will !
 And let " Him" work his way,
 Contented, when put through the drill ;
 As in the sunny day,—
 With thanks unto his blessed name,
 To whom all praise is due ;
 And spread abroad Jehovah's fame !
 Nor ever have to rue.


* Revelations, ch. 3rd. v. 17th.



RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

TUNE—*Dumble dum deary.*


 LAST New Year's Day, ah's happy te say,
 Ah posted merrily on my way;
 And went a courtin, te me Nan'!
 As Ah thowt Ah was ony man.

CHORUS.—

Ah'll win the day, Ah'll win the day:
 If all gangs reet, Ah'll win the day!

Ah gat tiv her house afoor 'twere leet,
 Says she te me, we'r lucky te meet,
 Thou really maks mah heart sea glad;
 Come in, and sit te doon mah lad.
 Ah'll win, &c.

And thus sed Ah, if thoo inclahn!
 This varra day Ah'll mak te mahn!
 For Ah can Plew, an Ah can Sow,
 An Ah can Reap, an Ah can Mow!
 Ah'll win, &c.

Sea, noo mah lass, thoo hes a good chance,
 Thah fortune this day to enhance;
 This privilege is suerly tha-n,
 A reciprocity is mahn.

Ah'll win, &c.

Ah've Hoose, an stuff, an ivery thing,
 Thoo nobbut need thysel' to bring ;
 Ah've Teables, Chaars, an yah good Bed,
 An noo, Ah think Ah's fit te wed !
 Ah'll win, &c.

Here's ten breet Sov'rins, (odd te hand,)
 They're all thy oan, at thy command ;
 For Munny's nout compair'd te thee !
 An Ah'll eh thoo, if thoo'll eh me.
 Ah'll win, &c.

Then Nancy leakt him up in't feace,
 An thowt it wer a whoopful kease !
 As all he sed was just t'point !
 He niver spak without a joint.
 Ah'll win, &c.

His teal throuf-out was understood,
 An all he sed, was varra good ;
 An now, thowt she, (while t'Iron's yat,)
 Ah'll strike, or mebbly Ah's rue for that !
 Ah'll win, &c.

Sea now, she spak a bonny word ;
 Thah subject, Johnnie, Ah hev heard,
 An if thah heart be fill'd we Love,
 Thoo's eh thah choice, ma Turtle-Dove.

CHORUS—

Thoo'll win the day, thoo'll win the day,
 Mah hunney lad, thoo'll win the day !—

Bud duz te drink, or duz te smoke ?
Or duz te snuff, or duz te joak ?
If thoo addicted be te thease
Ah'm suer thoo can't mah fancy please !

CHORUS—

Thoo'll loss the day, thoo'll loss the day,
Mah canny lad, thoo'll loss the day !

Ah niver like te boast a deal,
Bud if thoo hes a spinnin wheel,
Ah'll sit beside te ivvery neet,
An then thoo'll see at all gangs reet.

CHORUS—

Ah'll win the day, Ah'll win the day,
Ma bonny lass, Ah'll win the day.

There's yah thing mare ah moant forgit ;
Wer ages Ah an't tell'd ye yit ;
Te-day, me Nan is sweet neenteen !
An Ah eh forty years seen !


CHORUS—

Ah'll win the day, Ah'll win the day,
If all gangs reet, Ah'll win the day.—




THE COURTSHIP ENDED.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE WEDDED PAIR.

ET all young people who incline,
In virtue, love, and truth, to shine ;
Consider well, ere they decide,
To be a Bridegroom or a Bride.
Nor ever rashly take in hand,
What wont the test of Scripture stand ;
Then, both the sexes join in one,
Thus, hand in hand they travel on :
Assistance to each other give,
Content and happy while they live ;
And when they quit this mortal stage,
Triumphant, each shall then engage ;
And join the marriage feast above,
Where all is harmony and love.
And now, if each would win the day,
For which, all other days (we say,)
Were made, must here at once begin,
And part with every darling sin :
Then enter on my list of friends,
Where comfort never, never ends ;
The New Year's Day is then begun !
Which, at commencement we have won.
The Courting subject now is o'er,
Enjoyment is for ever more :
The Bride, and Bridegroom in display,
Each, with each other, won the day !

THE MISTAKE!

ISTAKES, and blunders, once were term'd
The privilege in vogue !
And thus, by Parliament confirm'd,
Which made the fool, a rogue.—
'Tis eighty-six long years ago,
When "Mansfield's" speech was made,
(Amongst the Peers, against the foe ;)
On privilege parade.
The Legislators, had a claim,
Call'd liberty and right ;
Where coachmen, (servants of the same,)
Must not go out to fight.
So far, so good, but let us look,
A little farther still ;
If they are in a tradesman's book ;
Not bound to pay the bill !
Because protected by my lord,
A Legislator free ;
Altho' he better can afford,
To pay his debts, than me.—
Yet, legal debts must all be paid,
In high, as lower station ;
Or privilege will retrograde,
And sink, in degradation.
So dignifi'd as all are now,
With privilege in hand ;
Will move the hat, and make a bow,
To nobles of the land !


Where this is right, it pleases much.
 The due exchange to make ;
 Altho' we seem to honor such,
 'Tis happen a mistake !

MORAL.

" Let yea, be yea ; and nay, be nay ;"
 I'd rather never bow,
 As leave my legal debts to pay,
 To make a splendid show !

CANNY YATTON, UNDER ROSEBERRY-
 TOPPING !

THE LANDLORD AND BREWER !!!—A CIVIL WAR.

 EN Ayton village, lives two men,
 Of decent reputation ;
 Tho' you may think contrary, when
 You know their occupation.
 Tom sells brown stout, which Dicky brews,
 By boiling hops and barley ;
 They drink, and sell, and read the news,
 That comes both late and early.
 These men, were bred up in the trade,
 And thought it very good !
 Till deep conviction wrought, and made
 The matter understood.
 By dreams, and visions of the night,
 The truth is sometimes known ;

When horrid deeds are brought to light,
And mysteries are shown ;
Just so with Tom who said, he had
A solemn warning given ;
“ A man by drinking, ran clean mad !
And miss'd his way to heaven.—
This thought engag'd his panting breast,
And fill'd him with dismay ;
Am I the man, excluded guest ;
And shall I miss my way ?
Just as we sow, we soon shall reap :
And what will be the crop ?
I've through the vista, had a peep,
Base traffic, now I'll drop.
Determin'd, while I have a chance,
To do my duty here ;
Nor condemnation to enhance,
By vending Ale and Beer,
Or any other poisonous stuff,
Which robs man of his reason ;
It is the case, Dick, sure enough,
Let's take the hint in season.”—
Said he to Tom, “ I can't but think,
A vast of brass we've made,
By brewing up, and selling drink ;
It is a famous trade !
Ten thousand pounds you've made, they say,
With body round and stout ;
Which soon may sink, and die away,
And then it's good for nought.—
The “ Old Oak Tree ” may happen fall,
On some unlucky day ;


You lose your crop, the stock and all
Must wither and decay."—
"Well Dick, when that may be, who knows?
Thou brews this horrid stuff!
Which strikes so many deadly blows,
And makes the path so rough.—
We've traded thus together long,
And drank a vast ourselves;
By which to swell the wretched throng,
Of Satan and his elves.—
Thy case is quite as bad as mine;
If thou will cease to brew,
I'll then pull down my Public Sign,
And never, never rue."—
A verse Tom wish'd me to compose,
Which I shall now relate;
"His house on Sabbath Days he'd close,
Nor lay the poisonous bait."
Thus would he try to mend his plan,
As he'd found out the evil;
He'd act the part so worthy man,
And cheat the very Dèvil.
Tom laugh'd right hearty at the song,
So much delighted, he
Would plaster'd up before 'twere long,
That every one might see.
Ere this was done the brewer came,
And read the subject o'er;
Panegyriz'd the sober game,
Altho' his heart was sore.
He made a spring, and seiz'd the prize,
Then pocketed the paper;

Tom look'd, and wink'd, with both his eyes,
 To see the brewer's caper.
 As off he cut, tho' smiling, vex'd,
 Thus to behold his friend,
 So much attach'd unto the text,
 Which might their traffic end.
 How this may turn, I cannot tell,
 As both convicted are ;
 If none would brew, then none could sell ;
 And thus would end the war.

MORAL.

Mark ! all the world over, 'tis catch 'at catch can,
 The Landlord, the Drinker, the Brewer,
 Not all these united will alter their plan,
 Till abstinence, work them a cure !

PLEASURE IN ELEVATION !


 HE pleasures of the eye are vain,
 And transient as the light,
 Which can't its permanence maintain,
 To bless the visual light.
 But those of which the heart partake,
 Are solid and complete ;
 To comfort man, asleep or wake,
 Whatever ills he meet.
 Wherewith contentment he enjoys,
 In sunshine, or in shade ;

Whose mind is on the equipoise,
Can through his troubles wade.
With manly strength, and fortitude,
He urges on his way,
No matter what the attitude,
Nor whether night, or day. —
Redoubl'd, is prosperity,
To every generous mind ;
And smooth'd is all adversity,
Where principle is kind.
“ The Widow's heart shall sing for joy,”
Her Children too, rejoice ;
The lovely Girl, the smiling Boy,
Shall hear their father's voice !
Whose promise is while life remains,
To act a parent's part ;
Wherever light and truth obtains,
There's music in the heart.
And all in sweet extatic song,
Unite to praise his love ;
To whom the power and praise belong,
Which nothing can remove.—
The eyes of those, who once were blind,
Can now with pleasure see,
Jesus, their friend, for ever kind,
Who sets the captive free.
And “ as an hart, the lame shall leap”
To run the Christian race ;
They now rejoice, who once did weep,
Are in a golden case !
As Jewels, safe from every ill ;
Secure within his arms,

Who bids the raging seas be still,
 And quells the flippant qualms !
 These all, shall flourish as a tree,
 Set by the river side ;
 Which cannot ever moved be,
 By either wind or tide.—
 Thus, fed and nourish'd where it stands,
 In whatsoever clime ;
 To serve its own, and foreign lands ;
 Throughout the length of time !
 Nay, more, nor wither or decay ;
 While endless ages roll :
 But, flourish in eternal day,
 To elevate the soul.

THE LANDLORD'S DEMONSTRATION,

A SOUL LOST FOR EVER !

 I've long been sat drinking, and preaching up lies,
 Contrary to what I believe ;
 Tho' vain was the subject, and dim was my eyes,
 My conscience I couldn't deceive.
 As the spark of light shone within my dark mind,
 And thus made the truth to appear ;
 That all my life long I'd been wilfully blind,
 And never to truth would adhere.
 Tho' yet I am sat with the tipling quallie,
 Propelling the theme of discourse ;

In hope by and bye, at the head I shall rally,
And ride on the conquering Horse.
In wealth, and in splendour, to dash off awhile;
Astonishing all the nobil,
Who nod as they pass, with a comical smile,
While bringing their corn to the mill.
Of whom, I obtain a full license to sell,
And deal out the drops to a delver
Who would up with his fist, the Landlord to fell,
Yet I mind to pocket the silver.
And when the bell rings, I am there to attend,
To all they request or require ;
Tho' raps I receive at the hand of a friend,
I still add fuel to the fire.
But what shall I do at the close of my life ?
When I can no longer attend,
To the business I'm in, of tumult and strife ;
My traffic will then have an end !
But, ah ! an account of the whole I must give !
A reckoning day is at hand ;
When the wheat, and the tares, are both in the sieve,
To pass, at their author's command.
From the lip of the Judge, the edict is giv'n,
" Depart to the bottomless pit ;"
For thou has no right to, or title to heav'n,
Thy heart to the Devil is knit.
I'm now in the lake of eternal despair,
Deploing my pitiless state !
With the rich man in hell, to mutter a prayer ;
But ah ! 'tis for ever too late.
I am lost ! I am lost ! eternally lost :
Beyond the conception of man !

To and fro' with the fiends of destruction I'm toss'd ;
 The flames of perdition to fan !—
 Take ye warning, dear youths, take warning by this !
 And never let time pass away,
 Misimprov'd, or perverted, the sample you see ;
 Is ruin, for ever and aye !

A GOOD SENTIMENT.

ENJOYMENT to-day, is the essence of life,
 While that of the past time is gone ;
 On which you reflect without trouble or strife,
 To annoy you in travelling on.

By faith and hope, cheering the soul as she flies
 O'er mountainous hillocks of time,
 Ambitious to soar and eternally rise,
 In sentiment wholly sublime !


Nor dare to look back on the grief of the past,
 Which only discomforts the mind ;
 Where prospect is joyous, (of heavenly cast)
 Your troubles, you give to the wind.

Sufficient of evil is that for the day,
 Why should you go meet it before ?
 Your privilege this is, to throw it away ;
 Repel it, and bar it to door.

Then, onward you move, with the greatest delight,
 No trouble, or care to annoy,
 The soul that is happy, has heaven in sight ;
 And a heart o'erflowing with joy.

The sentiment sweet, which enjoyment contains,
 Is more than the witty conceive :
 But far less than nothing, is all that remains,
 To the man, who cannot believe.

THE WAY TO LOSE EVERYTHING.

 HO, with their own possessions are displeas'd,
 Will dare to curse their fate !
 Whose back is of its burden never eas'd,
 Destroy their own Estate.

And wish for what they ne'er in time shall be,
 Grudging their neighbour's store ;
 A fruitless emblem of their poverty,
 Whose practise brings them more.


This kind of wish, denotes possession lost,
 By such as can't regain,
 Their best estate, is on the billows tost !
 Where life and hope are vain.

And to what purpose may the vassal cry ?
 Unless he strive to be
 Contented with his present fare, and try
 To make himself thus free.

MORAL.

Who passions bridle, and conduct their will,
 Against the latent foe ;
 Are sure to bring their corn to Mill,
 And on all fours go !

PROPER MEANS TO OBTAIN EVERYTHING.

AUTIOUSLY wish for the things you may need,
 Submissively ask for the same ;
 Tho' if they're deni'd, don't censure the deed,
 But take to yourself the whole blame.

Obtain them by honesty, wisdom, and care,
 Accept them so humbly and kind ;
 With prudence to manage, and joyfully share,
 The treasures of body and mind.

Should all be suspended, with pleasure resign,
 To the will of your Father above ;
 In whose splendid Image you're hoping to shine,
 And bask in the beams of his love !


Whate'er be the station on earth you are in,
 Let charity help you to steer
 Your course in the passage, to overcome sin,
 And conquer the world while you're here.

MORAL.

'T was boundless love ordain'd the same,
 Victorious you shall be,
 Through "Jesus Christ, whose honor'd name,
 Is known from sea to sea!"

By whom in life and death supplied,
 With everything we need ;
 And he who for us liv'd and died,
 Now lives to test the deed !

A WORD TO THE ENVIOUS, AND
 "CENSORIOUS :"

E've heard it said, "The Cleveland Bard"—
 Has something in his head ;
 He hopes to meet some grand reward ;
 "His Body clad, and fed."
 Perhaps the "Wit," may half be right,
 Tho', if for these alone—
 He work, and study, day and night ;
 Better he'd not been born.
 The latter thought, is not amiss,
 And yet he needs regard ;

Only the Prize, (eternal bliss ;)
Will satisfy the Bard.
A duty here, devolves on me ;
To undeceive the man ;
Who, can't beyond the " body" see,
Nor mind of others scan.
Mark ! full thirty years he labour'd hard ;
Obtain'd by hands and head ;
A full, a due, and just reward,
To have his " body fed."—
Then, left those men to labour still,
Who haven't done the same ;
Because they're grinding at the " Mill,"
Would fain transfer the blame !
A Partner he has had (to Wife,)
Full six and twenty years,
With Children, five, to comfort life,
Alternate hopes and fears.
Two lovely sons have gone, before
Their kindred, who remain,
Trusting to meet them on " yon shore,"
Never to part again.
For which his bounding heart is full,
Of gratitude to God ;
Whose promise can't be void or null,
To those who watch his nod,
" Be diligent in business," then,
And fervent too, " in spirit,"
To pay your way like honest men ;
That you, " may good inherit."
I grant you this, that you may not—
Have carving-knife in hand ;

Sweet Birds of Music tune their lays,
 Symphonic style so grand ;
 Methinks I live in golden days,
 With pleasure at command.
 The Morn, &c.

I'll pace along the verdant meads,
 Where Zephyrs, charming play,
 Their lovely Anthem on the reeds ;
 To drive dull care away.
 The Morn, &c.

Sylvanic mountains bound the vale,
 With echo loud and clear ; §
 Which crowns my lovely rural Tale,
 The heart of man to cheer.
 The Morn, &c.

Thus then, am I within the gate
 Of Paradise below ;
 And realize the happy state
 Of those who pious grow.
 The Morn, &c.

THE SUMMIT OF BLISS, ON EARTH.



BLESSED state, when souls each other draw :
 When love is liberty, and truth is Law,
 All Nature's full, possessing and possess'd :
 Nor aching-void felt pand'ring in the breast.

"Where thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
 part,
 And each warm wish, springs mutual from the heart :"*
 This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth can be,
 When all is peace, in sweetest harmony,
 Pure Nature then exists, in beauties shine ;
 To realize this lovely state be mine ;
 To know, and feel, in truth, one part possess'd ;
 And leave anticipated all the rest.

WORKS OF THE FLESH, AND OF THE SPIRIT.

GALATIANS, CHAPTER 5.


1692
 216
 667
 IDOLATRY, and witchcraft, shun,
 Vain emulations too ;
 With works that are in darkness done ;
 Uncleanliness never do.
 Adultery, and murders, vile,
 Discard the very thought ;
 With variance, heresies, and guile,
 Ne'er let your wit be caught.
 Seditious, avarice, and strife,
 Base envy, wrath, and spleen,
 Destroy the peace of human life,
 And gender actions mean.
 Lasciviousness, with all her train,
 Of drunken rev'lings near ;

• Pope.

Bring nothing less than woful pain,
Distress, despair, and fear.
Thefts, lies, and fornication base,
With every other evil,
Connected with the human race,
Do constitute the Dèvil.
Thus, working in the heart of man ;
By fleshly lust and pride,
Ere since the period sin began ;
Commencing with the " Bride."
The love of God ; within the heart
Of man, has this effect—
" From every evil, now to part,"
And Satan's wiles, reject.
Fruits of the holy Spirit, are ;
Fair gentleness, and truth ;
Which spring from Christ, " The Morning Star,"
Nor guile found in his mouth.
All goodness, love, and joy, and peace,
Do flourish on the " tree"—
Of holiness, which shall increase,
To all eternity.
Meekness, and temp'rance, form a part
Of that delicious fruit ;
Which gladdens every sinner's heart :
And doth his strength recruit.
Only partake of Christ, and live—
By faith in Him below ;
And then the " Tree of Life" he'll give ;
Which shall perpetual grow.
Let not presumption make her boast,
Of righteousness within ;

The province of the Holy Ghost
Is, "Christ" to conquer sin.
"And evidence," without a doubt
To rest upon the mind ;
When he hath cast the evil out,
The fruits of "love we find."

THE "PASSION" SONG.

y heart with light and love inflame,
To blaze at ev'ry turn ;
In virtue of my Saviour's name ;
And to his glory burn.

Who planted in my breast the spark ;
Which must for ever shine :
To shew the prize, and hit the mark,
Of Dignity divine.

Where light, and life, and truth, and grace,
Are wonderf'ly set forth ;—
Resplendent too, in Jesu's face,
"Witness his humble birth ;"

Then follow him through life, to find,
That unexampl'd love ;
Which cur'd the sick, and heal'd the blind,
And did their sin remove.

A life of suffering Jesus led,
"Gethsemane come forth ;"
And prove the tears, my Saviour shed,
Brought agony to birth.

The tragic scene, the bloody sweat,
The cross and passion there ;
"Gethsemane can witness yet—
The streams of liquid prayer."

Fly then, to "Calv'ry's rugged mount"—
Behold him on the tree !
Arithmetic could never count,
The price of blood for me.

'Twas shed ; ah ! grand catastrophe—
"All nature in convulse ;"
Nor can I write the "epopee ;"
My passions feel repulse.

The solid rocks in sunder rent—
Earth's strongest pillars bend ;
"Nature's support at this event,
Is human nature's friend."

The Orb of Day withdrew its light ;
The Moon in sable dress'd ;
Darkness envelop'd all, in night ;
To mourn for the distress'd.

Hark ; how the groans (of him who said,
"The mighty work is wrought ;")
Tear up the graves, and raise the dead ;
Salvation, now is bought.

A LACONIC PRAYER TO GOD.

No riches, honor, wealth or fame,
 Do I desire of thee ;
 But what brings credit to thy name :
 And benefit to me.

AN ANSWER TO A LETTER,

(By request) from a Lady at Scarbro', to her friend ; (whose bridesmaid she was) inviting her over to see her, and the beauties of the Locality, at Christmas,—in which the Lady expresses herself as having done her duty.

Your duty and your love had been
 More manifest and clear ;
 If " Scarbro' " beauties could be seen
 At this time of the year ;
 In what your duty does consist,
 To me, or to your self ;
 I daren't presume, tho' you persist,
 On " Christmas " laden shelf ;
 Altho' you know the splendour of
 " Scarbro' " in summer time ;
 You write to me in terms of love,
 With garnish in your rhyme.
 I know that you were on the spot,
 When I was tied so fast—
 21

I cannot leave my humble Cot ;
To face the wintry blast,
For I am seated snug and warm
Beside the man I love ;
And now repudiate the charm ;
Which calls me to remove.
You wish me well, my Partner too ;
Likewise my Children dear :
This compliment I pay to you ;
All seasons of the year.
And if kind Providence permit,
That we each other see ;
Altho' I think it can't be yet,
Till then, " remember me."

MORAL.

Your duty to your God remember ;
As well as that to me ;
While in the month of cold December
The sweets of summer see.
And feel, and taste, that God is good ;
For nothing less will do :
If duty in obedience stood ;
The same to me as you.
But, can we doubt to meet again ?
While we his laws obey ;
Till then, may each in love remain,
And so march on our way.



THE MILLENNIAL SONG.

THE boundless Ocean of thy love,
"O God," my heart doth feel ;
The streams descending from above :
Bear impress of the seal.

'Tis but a drop we now receive ;
A prelude to the show'r,
Which falls on those who do believe
The Son of God, with pow'r !

All hands uplifted, hearts o'erflown ;
And every soul embu'd—
With what was never fully known
Till now, the world's renew'd.

And can it be, my blessed Lord ;
Is the Millennial true ?
According to thy written word,
Infallible to view—

The period may be far away,
Or very nigh at hand ;
"Make ready now, without delay ;
T' enjoy the happy land."

My heart is full, pray do enlarge
The vessel, more and more,
Then fill afresh the little barge ;
'Twill hold an endless store.

Forbid that I should selfish prove,
 To hide within my breast;
 "This boundless unexhausted love,"
 From those who are distress'd.


While in possession, now it must—
 And shall for ever swell;
 Nor daring to betray my trust,
 "To all, the truth I'll tell."

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 My vessel here must sail;
 Till Suns shall rise, to set no more;
 The project cannot fail.

Then hoist and spread your canvass wide,
 Sing the Millennial Song;
 Blow breezes blow, both wind and tide,
 Propel the Barge along.

THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL,


AT AYTON, (IN CLEVELAND,) YORKSHIRE.

WEET Ayton, the offspring of Roseberry Topping,
 Lays snug in the Valley below;
 Wherein the humane are so artfully propping,
 The loveliest "Branches" that grow.
 "Friend Richardson's" gone to the fountain of bliss!
 From whence all his treasure arose—


A pledge of the same he hath given ; 'tis this ;
Goodwill, both to friends and to foes—
Exemplifi'd thus, by the " School" on the " Green,"
Where Youth of both Sexes are taught,
By Tutors of principle,—nothing that's mean,—
The subjects of Science and Art !
Together with something excelling the rest,
Religious and Moral Tuition :
Where, for this life and next, they learn to be blest,
And dignify thus, their position.
Tho' the founder be gone, the successors are left,
Who join'd him in this, (hand in hand)
Philanthropic maxim, " the Rock that is cleft,"
For ever, and ever shall stand.
" Memento Mori," now in Ayton appears,
While the " Spirit" doth superintend ;
As " Guardian Angel" for two hemispheres,
This world and the other shall blend.
The int'rest of both, to subserve while in search
Of what was intended at first—
" True wisdom" obtain it, then onward you march.
And labour shall never be lost.
Now, thanks to the " donors" of this benefit,
Conferr'd upon us who are here ;
" At the right hand of God," may each of them sit,
When the " Son of His love" doth appear.




GRACES FOR TEA PARTIES,

 We present at our table, Lord,
 Who thus are met with one accord ;
 Where each in sentiment agree,
 To take a hearty dish of Tea.
 Now may the food which we partake,
 Be bless'd to us, for Jesu's sake. Amen.

CONCLUDING GRACE.

 With pleasure we have ate and drank,
 For which the Lord Almighty thank,
 As gratitude thou dost require,
 To kindle up the Holy Fire,
 That we may live to feast above,
 Fill ev'ry heart with perfect love.


A DESSERTATION,
 ON THE PRIVILEGE OF THE SCHOOL, AT
 GREAT AYTON.

 We, (Boys and Girls) do here employ
 Ourselves in artful measures,
 Fair science too, and yet enjoy
 Collecting best of treasures :

With rural exercises near,
Recruiting mind and body ;
Devoid of doubt, and care, and fear,
With pleasure thus, we study—
And have our recreations sweet,
Amid salubrious air—
While lovely songsters do repeat,
And pay their tribute there—
Delightful to the buxom youth,
Who often stand to gaze,
And listen to the voice of truth,
Sounding their Author's praise !
Romantic scenery around,
Attracting ev'ry eye,—
Where roses, plants, and shrubs abound !
Sweet healthful zephyrs fly.
While Nature in her robes, is dress'd,
So beautiful and fair—
Thus, are we by her smiles caress'd,
Breathing the morning air !
Our senses are regal'd, as we
Are climbing up the hills ;
And every heart, is fill'd with glee,
In echo to the rills ;
Which glide along the crescent vale,
In rippling accent sweet
Each stanza tells the lovely tale
That I shall now repeat.—
“ Anthems of praise, to Jesu's name,
Their author, and their king ! ”
The elements, shall sound his fame—
And honor, to him bring.

Well, now what does it me behove :
 To point the " pupil's " pen ?
 You've seen the tacitonia wove,
 Then, weave it o'er again.
 And strive to moralize the same :
 This subject is replete,
 With language, I can never name ;
 Or Gabriel's tongue repeat !
 And yet, it speaks so plain, that all
 Who hear may understand ;
 And now, obey their Maker's call :
 While each walk, hand in hand.
 The privileges you enjoy,
 Connected with this School—
 Should stimulate each " Girl and Boy,"
 To work, the golden rule.—
 Whereby, to furnish heart and head,
 With wisdom, (" not with pride,")
 And in her lovely steps be led
 To him, who did provide.

THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE LAMB.


 ISRAEL's base mournings forty years,
 With long rebellion too,
 Against the Lord, with doubts and fears,
 Caus'd Him His wrath to shew.
 Altho' the numerous actions kind,
 Were manifested long,

By Moses, whom the Lord inclin'd
To write them a new song.
Thus he compos'd and publish'd it,
A standard bearer too—
We find the same in Holy Writ,
Directions how to do.
And they who disobey the just
Commandments of their God,
In punishments and threat'nings, must
Regard his awful rod.
The Israelites of old are gone,
Across the Jordan, Death ;
And Pilgrims yet, are trav'ling on
Their way, through life on earth.
The bearings of the Song are those,
(Which Moses wrote and read ;)
A code of good and moral Laws,
Where human rights are fed.
And God commanded them to read
The same, and oft repeat
The Decalogue, unto their seed,
Where Congregations meet.
And this shall witness to the fact,
Of statements, clear and just ;
That he who did the Law enact,
Hath power to rule, and must.
" Moses " found out he had to yield,
On Meribah's account ;
Whose failure at the waters seal'd—
His feet to Nebo's mount.
From whence to view the Promis'd Land,
So anxiously he stood,


And heard the solemn, firm "command,"
He shouldn't cross the flood.
His heart was pain'd within him, when
He saw the lovely spot,
On which he'd "flourish'd with his pen,"
And realiz'd it not.
For Moses here was doom'd to die,
The Mandate had gone forth ;
He knew full well the reason, why
His God with him was wroth.
"Yet Jacob like," he urg'd his plea,
But couldn't so prevail ;
As he had heard, so it must be ;
The promise cannot fail.
"Fair Lebanon that goodly mount,"
May I go o'er and see ;
(Said Moses,) but on no account—
Was alter'd the decree.
The answer came, "as heretofore,"
Go up, and look around ;
Nor plant thy foot on Canaan's shore :
Where earth's best fruits are found.
Let this suffice thee, speak no more,
By symbolizing fair ;
For thou shall reap a better store ;
Than that enjoyment there.
So now, a long farewell he bid—
Adieu, to ev'ry tribe ;
The Lord his body surely hid ;
For, "Moses was his scribe."
One hundred and twenty years liv'd
This Pilgrim, in his day ;

And then eternal bliss receiv'd,
Without the least decay.
While in good health, and strength, and might;
His Master call'd him hence :
Nor dim his eyes, ocular sight—
Beheld the "Lord" from thence.
Who rose the tune, to sing the song,
"Of Moses and the Lamb ;"
Where, Tribes of Israel's happy throng,
"Shall praise the great I am ;"
Altho' their fathers much had said
Against their leader, when
He, in the wilderness had fed,
Thousands of hungry men.
And all their families preserv'd—
'Mid pestilence and dearth ;
While unbelief in them deserv'd,
"God's vengeance and his wrath."
When Israel's Children heard that he,
Moses, their friend was dead ;
They mourn'd, and wept, "because the Tree,"
Had ceas'd to grow them bread.
The cecity of man is such,
That when he has his sight ;
He cannot see to honor much,
"The man who shines so bright."
But when the luminary's gone,
He then begins to see ;
And thus affects to sigh, and mourn,
O'er what can never be.
He's gone, "say they," he's gone, but where ?
We cannot find the place,

Of Moses, God hath taken care,
 "Who saw him face to face."
 "Michael," the great Archangel stands,
 To guard the dust around ;
 Until the Judge of all, commands,
 The trump of God to sound.
 Then, "rise ye dead ;" is issu'd forth,
 And heard, from "Pole to Pole ;"
 "From East to West, from South to North,"
 The Body meets the Soul.

THE DEVIL'S DEMONSTRATION.

WITH THE MORAL.

E Gods of wine and war appear !
 And give a just account,
 Of all your Mythologic gear,
 And tell me the amount ?
 The truth I want, and nothing more ;
 That all mankind may know,
 What is your ammunitive store,
 Tending to weal, or woe ?

* * * *

We, (Mars and Bacchus,) both unite
 To make of man a juicy bite ;
 And fill his veins with poisonous stuff,
 Which makes his path in life so rough :
 Contempt, and spleen, with vengeful ire,
 Are genuine fruit, of this wild-fire ;

In drinking, blood-shed, wine, and beer,
They point the "Demon's" horrid spear,
Who trust to heathen Gods, their might,
Will cut and slay with great delight ;
But when their leaf begins to fall,
The Devil catches fruit, and all,
Within his bag, and strange to tell !
Conducts them to his native Hell,
Where all his vot'ries reunite,
In worse than Mythologic night ;
Deep sunk, to pay their awful score,
With feigns tormented, evermore !

THE MORAL.

But Venus is that bril'ant Star,
So splendid in the East !
Riding in Love's Majestic Car,
With vot'ries to the feast.

Where "Hymen" stands, as maid, to serve
The party, more or less ;
According as they each deserve,
Through him who deigns to bless.

The Bridegroom he, whose garments are
Unspotted, purely white !
Likewise the bright and morning star !
Preceding day and night.

The key-note of th' angelic choir,
Who at Creation sang !
And touch'd in Bethlehem, the lyre
Which there so sweetly rang.

Good-will, and love, the only theme,
 Nor war, or discord there :
 The Prince who merits all esteem,
 Of all things, is the heir !


To whose fair bride, he does bequeath
 An everlasting store !
 A dowry, while on earth beneath,
 Augmenting evermore.

Far, far above all mortal ken,
 See thrones and kingdoms fall !
 Where saints, and angels joining then,
 Shall crown him Lord of all.

AN ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

COMPOSED DECEMBER 25TH, 1856.

TUNE—*My Lodging is on the cold ground.*

 HIS is the day when Christ was born,
 A Babe in Bethlehem !
 And now we welcome in the morn,
 Which brought the lovely "Gem ;"
 Into this darksome world of ours,
 To dwell, and radiate,
 The Paradise with shady Bow'rs,
 Of Adam's lost estate.

The bright and Morning Star appears,
The captain of the train !
Which shall in all succeeding years,
Their Paradise regain.
In bliss extatic now rejoice,
Behold his lovely face !
And hear the charming halcyon voice,
Of our Redeemer's grace.

The King of Kings came down from Heav'n,
The honor'd Prince of Peace !
The Heir of all things now hath giv'n,
Captives a full release.
These joyful tidings each may sing,
" Salvation to the Lamb !"
Who did to us the message bring,
From God, " the Great I Am !"

A stable was His lodging made
A manger was His bed ;
The brightest " Gem" while in the shade,
A life of suff'ring led ;
By whose kind visit to our world,
United Heav'n and Earth ;
And now the secret is unfurl'd,
Witness the Saviour's birth !



ISRAEL'S PROSPECT ON THE BANKS OF
JORDAN!

When time is verging on its close,
And mortal powers decay ;
The vital spark still onward goes,
To bask in blissful day !

'Mid visions of celestial beams,
Dispelling gloomy night ;
The mind soars high, on splendid themes,
Beyond conceptive height !

Such pleasing prospects now, unfold
Themselves, while he can stand,
(By faith in Christ,) and thus behold,
"The lovely, Promis'd Land !"

For "Jacob's God" is with him still,
(Tho' Jordan's streams run high ;)
Whose word is power, and surely will
Land Israel by and bye !

Far, far away, from troubles then,
His happy soul shall be,
Beyond the reach of mortal ken,
Bless'd to eternity !

And now, the Day-Spring from on high,
Shines forth in grand display ;
From Pisgah's mount our wings apply,
And soaring, tow'r away.

On Faith's strong pinions, far beyond
What eye hath ever seen ;
The " Prospect " is in Canaan found,
Tho' Jordan rolls between !

THE GREAT GRAND EXHIBITION IN
LONDON, MAY, 1851,

OR, THE FAIR OF THE WORLD, INSTITUTED BY
" PRINCE ALBERT."



WONDER of wonders, the world up and down,
Prince Albert projected the plan
That Nations of genius and art may be known,
To test the productions of man.
Full liberty's granted that each may come forth,
And shew their mechanical skill,
Whereby the connoisseurs may prove their true worth,
When plac'd in a comical drill.
Vast machinery bright to lessen the toil
Of man, with his physical powers,
Who inclining to bend by the tilling of soil ;
Humanity cries it is ours.

The genius starts up in a turbulent rage,
And pities the labouring class,
Who have long stood aloof tho' now do engage,
That jewels be made out of brass.
The Aristocrats know the value of such
As strive for the weal of mankind ;
United are they, and intend to do much,
For those who their genius can find.
Then bring to the City of fair London town,
The product of which must appear,
In the midst of Hyde-Park, where all's to be shown,
So splendid in spring of the year.
What a business is now going on to prepare,
The City is all agitation ;
No time, or expense, nor trouble they spare,
To own and esteem their relation.
Expecting the same to come forth in the March ;
Astonish'd this sight to behold,
Who for centuries back have been in the search
Of genius more valu'd than gold.
All Nations forsooth ; contribute their mite,
Of whatever climate or class,
Major, or Minor, each one has a right
To come and mix up in the mass.
No distinctions are made to lessen the worth
Of any bright genius of art ;
Here the East and the West, the South and the North,
May bring their productions to mart.
Where the " Queen of the realm," and Albert unite,
In splendoric harmony share ;
Who join in the chorus, wield sceptre aright,
All Nations are come to the " Fair."

The plan thus projected the world to improve,
No jar in the sentiment here ;
Protentions of unity, peace, and of love,
Do bring the Millenium near.
In accordance is this with the Scriptural plan,
Laid down in a beautiful form ;
Patronizing the same each acting as man,
To drive off the bitterest storm.
Let all then unite with intellect bright,
And bring the product to the test ;
Being fill'd with delight, no Nation to fight,
Promotion of peace, is the best.
The spirit of love and of good-will to man,
Breathes in the most splendid array ;
While Princes and subjects do all that they can,
To collect the sweet flowers in " May."
No equivocation starts up in the breast,
To quell, or to drive away peace ;
Grand policy this is, when brought to the test,
All war, and commotion shall cease.
One talent or more to each man is given,
Hereby to improve the whole " race ;"
Small portions of balm the " masses" will leaven,
While working so snug in its place.
Good feeling now rests in " Victoria's" reign,
Wherever her subjects are planted,
The leaves of all Nations resplendently green,
Exhibit the fruit so much wanted.
Each and all may partake, to suit his own taste,
And reap the reward of his labour ;
As nothing that grows was designed to waste,
By him who created " man," sober.

Mark, the "Fair of the World" is not bounded by Seas,
Equitorial touch, "is the line ;"
Th' extremes of each Pole may come if they please,
To fam'd London City, and shine.

THE OLD CASTLE GHOST.

Long time ago as I have read*
This story, false or true—
That rats and mice can not be fed,
In empty Church or pew.
But, lo ! 'twas in a Chapel, where
This circumstance took place.
Which I have traced out with care,
Altho' in mimic grace.
A Caledonian lodg'd awhile,
As resident below ;
Without the vacant laugh or smile.
Within an old Chateau.
Here, nightly visits he had paid,
While on his Couch, or Bed ;
Trembling and quaking, much afraid,
Of rumblings o'er his head.
While something rolled to and fro,
In consternation, he
Durst never rise, or thither go,
His visitor to see.

* See Caledonia illustrated, Part 4th, (by W. Beattie, M. D.)

Until the Ghost was weary, quite,
Of its rotary march,
And hunger brought the thing to light,
Which prov'd a glob'lar arch.
Or vacant, nausea, human skull,
Wherein a rat had crept,
To get its empty belly full :
So there it laid and alept.
Until at length it grew so stout
And bulky, in its cell—
Nor could it when it would, get out,
Altho' it rang the bell.
Or, roll'd the crusty house along,
This ancient Castle floor ;
Night after night the Ghost was throng
Seeking the passage door.
This strange phenomena went on
For length of time, till lo !
The barguest, when his meat was gone,
Would leave the Old Chateau.
Methinks I see him peeping through
The hollow of each eye—
Whose ship had neither stern, nor bow,—
He'd drank the Ocean dry.
Then did he sail in empty boat,
Without provision too—
The cargo in himself afloat ;
Not knowing what to do.
He mov'd the vessel to and fro,
Along the Chamber floor ;
Nor could he steer, or even row,
As he had done before.


The brute was now confin'd within
This round and crusty fort ;
Until his body grew so thin,
Which ended all his sport.
At length he spied the entrance door,
Whereby at first he came ;
To steal the brains, and something more,
Which brought him out with fame.
The Caledonian mark'd his way,
When he ran off with speed ;
Who just had found the free man's day,
As you may judge who read.
The empty head was all that he,
(The frighten'd man) could find :
Who long had heard, but couldn't see,
When reason's eye was blind.
Astonish'd he should be afraid !
Whole nights he got no rest ;
The spirit of the Ghost is laid,
The rat had caus'd the jest.

MORAL.

“ When apparitions fill the mind,
The soul's unnerv'd, and reason's blind.”



THE DOOR OF REFLECTION SHUT.

HEN undulating waters toss—
And wield about your treasure ;
Then, you sustain a certain loss,
And mar your sweetest pleasure.

The mind of man is often toss'd
About in fancy fair ;
Nor can he know the penal cost,
Till found by want and care.

Let anchor to the mind be fix'd,
Watch well, "the ebb and flow ;"
Nor have it to the bow annex'd,
When it should be below.

Behold, the youth in grandeur clad,
When first he started off ;
Plenty of every thing he had,
And all, was not enough.

But fancy says, "thou should have this ;"
(Remember thou art free,)
For want of which, thy mates will hiss—
And never let thee be.

He lifts his head, and looks in style,
Altho' he's apt to yield ;
Caught by hypocrisy and guile,
His destiny is seal'd.

Who listens to the tempting jilt,
With her bewitching smile ;
Will find himself immers'd in guilt,
When he reflects awhile.

But, shortly and those rubs go o'er,
Which conscience pointed clear ;
He posts along, " looks back no more,"
Till finish'd his career.

Now you perceive the haggard look,
He never had before—
Reflection's privilege forsook,
And shut her to the door.


Thus, Nature in her tatter'd form,
Forlorn in dissipation ;
Renders the calm a mighty storm,
And seals his destination.

Ah, me ! and is reflection lost ?
Nor can she more be found ;
Unless it be, " at peace's cost"—
In chains of iron, bound.

And then, " Dives" like, reflect in vain !
And offer up thy prayer—
But never, never to obtain
One drop, of comfort there !

The door is shut, the gulf is fix'd !
No passage, to or fro !
The penalty is now annex'd—
And whither shalt thou go ?

ANACREON'S PLEA FOR DRINKING.*

HAT shall I do, but drink away
The heat and trouble of the day ?
The thirsty Earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
By constant drinking, fresh and fair :
The Sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun, and one would guess
By's drunken, fiery face no less,
Drinks up the Sea, and when he's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun ;
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night,
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high ;
Fill up the Glasses there ; for why
Should every Creature drink but I ?
Why, Man of Mortals, tell me why ?

* See Bysshe's Art of Poetry, Seventh Edition, p 125.



ANSWER TO ANACREON'S PLEA FOR DRINKING.

Does you an answer do request ;
I'll give the same, but not in jest !

For whether you are curst or bless'd.

I cannot tell.

But this, mankind do surely know,
The way that Drunkard's have to go,
At death, have got their final blow !

Deep sunk in hell—

To others, when I see the foe,

I'll ring the bell.

Mark, while the lamp of life shall burn,
The drunken rebel may return !
And all the best of lessons learn,

To mend his fate—

The twig, in youth, is eas'ly bent ;
But, when the oil of life is spent,
And that of grace, "you can't repent !"

'Tis then too late.

And you may cry, and shout in vain,

At mercy's gate.

Ah ! lovely souls, for whom "Christ died,"

And did he not all things provide ?

The Sun, the Moon, the Wind, and Tide,

To help you on ;

While trav'ling in this world below,
You'd rather to Gin-palace go :
And drink, and stagger to and fro,
 Poor simple John !
From what you've heard and seen and know,
 A lesson learn.

Where, wine, and wenches, there you meet !
Who'd strip you nak'd from head to feet,
And turn you so, into the street :
 What say you now ?
Ye sensualists, who like the beast,
On Nature's vicious habits feast,
The Bacchanalian's King and Priest,
 To Bacchus bow ;
And, if you call these bitters, sweet ;
 Then tell me how ?

Presumptive Man, and dare you say,
You'll revel still, from day to day !
You have but Nature's debt to pay,
 And then you've done ?
Hark ye ! the master's in the field !
To whom, submission you must yield,
Your doom and destiny are seal'd ;
 The race is run !
And your wages due, you reap at last ;
 Thus ends your fun.

Remember "Dives," and where he lies !
In hell, he lifted up his eyes ;
And loudly now, for water cries,
 But, it's too late.

The Gulf is fix'd, which none can pass !
The Drunkard with his bonny Lass,
May call out for another Glass !

In this dry state !
But not one single drop he'll get,
At any rate.


Ye men of wit, and common sense,
With inebriety dispense—
And drive the drinking practice hence ;
Thus, sober prove ;
As " God " at first made everything !
To act subservient to their King :
That all, may to his glory sing,
The song of Love !
In time, and then when time shall end,
In heaven above.

My duty here, I must perform :
If I can save a single worm,
From perishing amid the storm ;
I've won a soul !
A brand, pluck'd from th' eternal fire ;
And ah ! who wouldn't this desire !
And work, till he the same acquire,
While time may roll :
Then, stretch your line, from Sea to Sea,
From Pole to Pole.



CONTINUED.

* * * * *

HENACEON, how wondrous wise !
 When drink had dazzled both his eyes,
 Till he could hardly see—
 Yet, darkness he prefer'd to light,
 And revel'd in it, day and night,
 With heart quite full of glee !

He strives to justify his deeds ;
 While sowing base, ungodly seeds,
 With which he fills his bowl.
 And then, drinks in the liquid fire,
 So pregnant with destructive ire,
 To damn his very soul !

“ What should I do but drink away,
 The heat and trouble of the day ?
 I'm in a kingly state !
 And thus, will always take my fill,
 Till all the wheels of life are still,
 My courage won't abate.”

We'll grant him then, his hearts desire ;
 (Which Nature never did require,)
 To drink his poisonous stuff ;
 And now, he wallows like a beast,
 On carnal passions, thus to feast—
 But never has enough !

Until he drops beneath his load,
Where friends, no help can him afford,
He stretches, swells, and dies :
Then, earth, receives her own again ;
Which, as he says, " drinks in the rain"
But now she's got a prize !

Whereon to feast, and worms withal !
Do revel here, and on him crawl,
Who did to " Bacchus bow,"
He drank the cup, unto its dregs,
Empti'd big barrels, and wee kegs !
What says the drinker now ?

" The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
She drinks, and gapes for drink again ;
And never, never done"—
Had he drank water like the earth :
Good things, he might have brought to birth :
Matured by the sun—

As plants suck in the soil, and are
By constant drinking, fresh and fair,
So man, should drink, and live !
In sober habits all his days,
And sound the great Creator's praise,
Who, earth to him did give.

" And, tho' the sea, (as you may think)
Would have but little need to drink,
Ten thousand rivers up ;"
But hark, what use she makes of such,
Who, never, never gets too much—
" 'Tis not the mad'ning cup !"

The earth is water'd by the sea ;
And every shrub, and plant, and tree,
 Receive their suction thence—
Drawn by the Sun's attractive power,
Which tinges every leaf and flower ;
 Sweet odours to dispense —

Altho' the Moon, and Stars, by night,
May travel far with borrow'd light ;
 In luminous display !
Yet, sober, they do brilliant shine—
And speak their origin, divine !
 " The Orb of endless day."

Anacreon, and Cowl may sing,
And make th' infernal regions ring !
 With strumpets, and with wine.—
But, never can they harmonize,
The regions of the upper skies !
 Nor, to their credit shine.

These votaries of pleasure may
Here, revel all their life short day ;
 In what they call delight !
With mad'ning drink, and Lady fair,
By dissipation lull their care,
 And drown their senses quite !

But, tell me not, ye rev'ling tribe,
That you, can truth, and justice bribe,
 Then die, and all is o'er !
For by the deeds, which you have done,
In time, the race is lost, or won :
 You have to pay your score.

By vicious habits, done your worst,
 To recommend what God hath curst :
 A Bacchanalian set !
 Who, once were juicy, now are dry,
 And loudly for some water cry !
 Which you can never get.—

Baleful examples, you have left ;
 But now of time are quite bereft :
 And bitterly may rue !
 So I must tear your language up,
 And recommend a better cup,
 Than “ Bacchus ” ever knew.

MOMENTICITY OF TIME.

TIME flies on Eagle's wings apace !
 More swift than I can count—
 Nor leaves a vestige of its place,
 In vale, or on the mount,
 And shall this throbbing pulse of mine,
 Retort in tacit tone ?—
 What thou hast said of these, is thine,
 Where beauty's image shone.
 Which does, and will, and shall at length ;
 Find nothing in one stay :
 For man, with all his boasted strength,
 Must doubtless pass away.

Then, Nature shall enjoy a peace
She never felt before,
When tabernacles all shall cease
And fall to rise no more.—
This is the province of old time,
Altho' it has been young ;
Could never yet the mountain climb,
To sing its final song.
Pulsations from the heart arise
With every active spring ;
A fountain to the whole implies,
And points to Nature's King,
Who, only can the Sea divide,
And fix the Ocean's bound ;
Accelerate, or stem the tide
Where morbid thought is drown'd.
Of ancient times, the present speak,
And some admire the same ;
Altho' they do for ages seek
Can only find the name.
Yet, good example always tells !
And sounds her lovely tale,
As music from the village bells,
Vibrates throughout the vale.
The splendid halo stretching far,
And wide, as do appear
Bright rays, shot from the " Morning Star,"
To gild our hemisphere !
Can thought, than time more rapid leap
Beyond the bound'ry gate :
Where nothing can one moment keep,
Present, or pristine state ?

Yet two extremes of ancient cast,
 Do with the present blend ;
 In whose fair power is holden fast,
 What time can never end.
 The soul of man created, by
 Omnipotence alone,
 Can never, never, never die ;
 Nor was its Author born !

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

MAKE hay while the sun shines, my Boy,
 For now is the time to obtain !
 What afterwards you shall enjoy,
 The fruit of your labour and pain.

Make hay while the sun shines, my Man,
 Or you never may witness the day—
 Strive afterwards all that you can,
 To make, and secure your hay.

Make hay while the sun shines, my Lass,
 Rake well now, and stir it about ;
 Nor suffer one season to pass,
 Not adding a thread to your suit.

Make hay while the sun shines, dear Madam,
 Look after, and manage your flock,
 Remember your loss was in Adam !
 Your gain is in Abraham's stock.

Make hay while the sun shines, good folk,
And then you will not have to rue,
The spending your time in small talk ;
A blast at the mouth of the flue.

Make hay while the sun shines, on you !
Who have but a short day to work ;
Methinks you may know what to do,
Respecting the rake and the fork.

" The Sun," will soon set in the west ;
When blackness and darkness appear,
The loiterer then is distress'd,
Having lost the sunshine of the year.

" Our life is a short winter's day,"
Or a bright summer's morning at best,
Wherewith, we shall soon pass away,
As a bird that has flown from its nest.

" Our life is a short winter's day !"
Repeat it again, " my dear Boy,"
Attend now, to what I shall say—
Improvement will never destroy.

Our Seasons are gloomy, and bright
Alternate, with heat, and with cold,
Tho' youth may be fill'd with delight !
Reverse it may be, when they're old.

Make hay while the sun shines, (I say,)
'Twill soon be o'er-shaded with gloom,
Be up and be doing to-day ;
To-morrow may settle your doom.

"No work or device in the grave!"
 To which we are hast'ning along,
 The rich man, the honest, and brave,
 Alike, test the truth of my song.


Remember the subject I've given!
 Attend to the well meant advice,
 "If you labour, six days out of seven,"
 You never can work them o'er twice.

Provide while you can, for a storm!
 The clouds are now low'ring for rain;
 "Patronize the provident worm,"
 A harbour you then shall obtain.

Such a beautiful morning is seen,
 All nature is splendid and gay—
 The high vaulted sky is serene!
 December's as pleasant as May.


For the life that now is, and to come,
 Remember "the making of hay"—
 While the light of the sun shines at home;
 And work, while 'tis called to-day.

BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING.

 BE careful that you never care,
 Or anxiously contend,
 For things which cannot need you there,
 Time useless thus to spend.

For nothing therefore careful be,
 Where Providence assigns
 The lot of each, by land or sea,
 At which frail man repines.
 Yet, use all care and vigilance,
 Where truth and virtue blends,
 With int'rest in the moral scene,
 And answers well two ends.
 The welfare of mankind in this,
 And in the world to come ;
 Hereby you'll find no care amiss,
 Commencing first at home.

A GOOD MAXIM.

EVER each by self, himself befriend,
 In moral 'suation doat ;
 Then every act of life shall tend,
 To mend, or make his coat.

No merit to this work I claim,
 Or patronage solicit ;
 Altho' I do insert my name,
 In language so explicit.


A rule or two, I will suggest,
 To those who love to read ;
 First, of all matter, cull the best,
 On which your minds to feed.

Hereby the right you must obtain,
 And cast away the wrong ;
 By this you shall improvement gain,
 And music in your song.

Next, have the pointer in its place,
 Which tells the time of day ;
 In virtue shew an honest face,
 And always pay your way.

No need for me to speak a word
 Beyond what you have seen ;
 To waste our time we can't afford,
 You know, the truth I mean.

LIGHT SPRUNG OUT OF DARKNESS.

HE day is dull, and dark the atmosphere,
 While I am destin'd in my cot to dwell ;
 Yet hope would buoyant rise, my heart to cheer,
 And sound the joyous tidings, " all is well."
 The orb of day dispels the gloom of night,
 And casts his brilliant orient beams around,
 Where all was dreary, now the prospect bright,
 Re-animates the soul in darkness bound.
 As when from chaos leaping, Sol arose,
 And Nature smil'd to see the lovely morn ;
 While every Shrub, and Plant, alike disclose
 Their sapient beauty, with creation born.

Thus, each spectator tunes the tacit string,
To sound in grateful notes their Author's praise,
Sweet melodies, the birds of music sing,
Sonorous to the Ancient-ear of days.
So man, in full accordance with the light,
Must rise and shine, in yon benighted land,
Where darkness still prevails, in heathen night,
With hostile prowess of an Indian band—
Beyond the Ganges, where the mind is lost,
In superstitious pomp, and potent pride ;
As Madam Durga in the river cast
Their infant children, to the flowing tide !
In shameful ignorance, and cruel power
Of Legislators in yon foreign land,
All this is done, their offspring to devour,
While Parents on the banks with horror stand.
Who, "told that Babes a sweet elysium find,"
When cast into the deep no more to rise :
Thus, thus deluded, in the loss of mind,
Need all instruction, from the good and wise—
As they are now, so once were we in night,
Dense darkness then envelop'd all mankind !
Until the Son of God, diffus'd his light,
And gave us eyes to see, who once were blind.
With healing in his wings he nobly rides,
Majestic round the world, the whole to save,
From sin, and Satan, where no sea divides
The Ethiopian, or the meanest slave.—
His goodness, mercy, truth, and light, divine,
More vivid than the Lightning's flash, shall dart
In radiant brilliancy, to rise and shine
Within the portals of each sinner's heart.

Then ev'ry tongue shall sound in joyful lays,
The lovely Anthem, form'd by Christ alone!
To whom be all the honour, pow'r, and praise,
World without end, for Jesus did atone.

THE PEACEFUL PATRIOT.

IF England's greatness do depend,
Upon this sacred plan!
(Which doth her rights in truth defend,)
"Peace and good-will to man!"
Then, is it manifest and clear,
Since Bonaparte was laid
In peace, that each succeeding year,
Reviv'd all kinds of trade!
The march of intellect hath run,
(As it ne'er ran before!)
Without the bayonet or the gun,
Increasing all our store!
Yea, mental, moral, and finance,
Beyond all mortal ken!
Which proves that peace doth yet enhance,
The dignity of men.—
Witness the hostile parties then!
In union now, combin'd,
Acting their part, I trust as men,
After their author's mind.—
The Devil, seems to be let loose!
And Christian Nations fight,

Thus, to protect, and guard their house,
Against the "Amorite."
Then, knock old Satan's trammels off,
No more shall he devour ;
Who reign'd so long in Malakoff,
And built the gothic tower ;
To fall at last, as Babel must,
That every soul be free ;
For God, the only wise, and just,
Shall reign eternally !—
Then, we shall ascertain, and prove,
The strongest power given,
Is peace, and harmony, in love ;
The weapon us'd by heaven !
Which must ere long, o'ercome the rage,
The human breast contains ;
To hasten on the golden age,
When naught but love remains !—
Altho' the world is wondrous wide,
With various turn of mind ;
Yet, Britons, stem the strongest tide,
Fell ignorance to find.
Then, sending out the word of life !
To every foreign land ;
To put an end to mortal strife,
With Bible in their hand !—
Much better than the sword, for sure ;
No more to cut and slay,
The people whom they cannot cure,
But, by the gospel way.
Yet, if in love we're bound to go,
In maintenance of peace ;

To lay the latent rebel low,
That war and discord cease !
Then, shall the God of Israel stand,
In front, and in the rear ;
With all our armies at command,
The British navy steer,
Into the heathen's dark domain,
Where cruelty prevails ;
That truth, and righteousness obtain,
Spread out your gallant sails !
And catch the heavenly breezes fair,
With virtue's golden pen !
To have all Nations under care,
Of honest, Christian men.
Then shall the sun 'mid darkness shine ;
The Ethiop must be free,
And every soul of man combine,
To graft the Olive tree.
This conquest o'er the latent foe,
In Holy writ we read,
The period is predicted, tho'
Commotions will preceed.
May every undulating stream,
And every tide convey
Good tidings, by the hand supreme,
Then, peace shall win the day !—



DOMESTIC HAPPINESS OBTAINED.

COULD they who read those writings, feel
But half the comfort here,
The author felt, (for public weal,)
Each one would be sincere.
No doubt has he upon his mind;
But those who read aright,
Will many a pleasing subject find,
To render them delight.
Those precious moments can't be lost,
Wherein the same were wrote;
For never, since the very first,
Have they been spent for naught.
This noble work detach'd him, from
All bustle, care, and strife,
Which do detract one half the sum
Of comfort, while in life,
Where din of politics, and noise,
Of folly in their train;
Disturb the mind in equipoise,
Creating grievous pain.
Vexatious vanity in these,
Hath fled before his eyes;
Nor shall he ever pay their fees,
In labouring to be wise.
Care and disquietude ne'er come,
Into his dwelling now,
Who sits in solitude at home,
Where peace and plenty grow!

Fresh in the morning rise and sing !
The pleasing task renew ;
And mount as does the Lark on wing,
Her labours to pursue.
And then your bus'ness all divine,
Delights the noble soul !
Thus, in your Maker's Image shine,
While endless ages roll !
But, ah ! " say you," we cannot get
Our living by the same ;
We have to toil, both dry and wet,
To play the honest game.
All right, and still I must contend,
For what I've said before ;
Home int'rests, we should ever blend,
With common wealth in store.
Allow me now to sit and sing,
This subject in recluse ;
That you may have the very thing,
And not yourself abuse.
Yes, yes, " say you," if we can raise
The wind, to bring a calm :
Then, we may spend some happy days,
With little self alarm.
And let vexation fly away,
Bid vanity depart ;
And realize the blessed day,
Which cheers the human heart.
This day my friend, is just at hand,
And now within your reach ;
Lay hold, you have it at command
Without a single breach.—

Fixt to no spot, is happiness,
 And yet, 'tis every where !
 For all may have it, more or less,
 And none have ought to spare.
 Such happiness is sure to be,
 The lot of those, who will
 With truth and equity agree,
 And virtue's laws fulfil.
 We cannot buy the boon, 'tis free,
 For Jesu's precious sake :
 Who purchas'd it, upon the tree !
 That all might now partake.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE INQUISITORIA.

HERE was a bold Philosopher,
 Who liv'd in modern times ;
 And made Parnassus' bubbles stir,
 By penning simple rhymes.

His neighbours rais'd the wonder, how,
 And where he got his bread !
 As so much time he did bestow,
 To have the Muses fed.

Up came Inquisitoria bold,
 And thus enquir'd of him,
 If chance on truth he could lay hold,
 His noddle-pin to trim !

"It seems to me," said he, "as how,
Your head, your bread commands !
I cannot tell, sir, how you do !
And no one understands."

According as the curious ask,
Philosophy replies ;
Thus, with an answer, drew the mask,
Which hung before his eyes.

"Methinks, that if your hands and head
Were rightly us'd together,
You'd then provide your daily bread,
In calm, for stormy weather."

"Well, well," said he, "but I've enough
To do, to get my bread ;
Together with all useful stuff,
And use, both hands and head !"

"I make no doubt of that my man,
So much you seem to need ;
Your looks present you weak and wan,
With time, you cannot speed !"

"Well well, again, but you don't know,
What I have got in hand ;
Whether the wind blow high, or low,
I work by sea, or land !"

"All right you should, do you ask why,
And how, I make it clear ?
In season man, your moments buy,
And by the compass steer.

The roughest winds that ever blew,
Blew just in their own season :
As all your troubles, ever grew,
Where you were wanting reason."

"Come, come, we'd better drop't, you're right,
Whatever I may say ;
You seem of me to make a bite,
For which, I've got to pay."

"Drop't you think man ! drops and bites,
When well appli'd, as food ;
Will put the system all to rights,
And do you lasting good.

But droppings of the meagre sort,
Can never stand the test ;
You buy a tankard for a groat :
And off goes all the rest.

You happen, to this class belong,
O'er head and ears in war !
Wrangling and jangling in a throng,
Driving the Devil's car.

And thus, you spend your time for naught,
Nay, worse than naught, I say ;
You're in the stream of drinking caught,
Which runs yourself away !"

"Now come, come, come, be canny, sir,
You've said enough, I think,
My stomach now begins to stir,
I like a drop of drink."

"Man ! stop the tap, and think awhile,
Then labour for your self ;
That wife and family may smile,
With bites upon your shelf !"

"I think my eyes are opening sir,
I fancy I can see,
Throughout my life, I've made a blur,
That's nearly ruin'd me !

For now, as I begin to think,
If when in youth so gay ;
I'd sav'd my money spent in drink,
I need not work to-day."

"Well man, I'm glad you've got your eyes,
Wherewith to have a sight,
Of something that may make you wise,
'Ere day, recline to night.

A time there is for every thing,
To work, that all may thrive ;
The Bee, in summer, on the wing,
Brings honey to the hive."

"That's true, if ever truth you spoke :
And now I'll strive to mend ;
Tho' late, I find that life's no joke :
My time will shortly end."


"Well, now my friend, you see quite clear,
That head and hands together,
(By grace, and reason, onward steer ;)
Provide for stormy weather.

Then, pray to God, to help you on ;
 (Whose blessing shall be given :)
 That when your work, on earth is done ;
 He take you home, to Heaven."

THE MARRIAGE FEAST, IN "EDEN'S BOWER."

AN ANTHEM.

TUNE.—*The Life of my Georgie.*

HILE passing through this dreary vale,
 Where sin and sorrow rage ;
 Full many a bitter sordid gale,
 The saints have to engage.

Yet by and bye, shall mount on high ;
 Beyond their raging tower ;
 And every pinching blast defy,
 When lodg'd in "Eden's Bower."

Where lovely roses ever spring,
 To bloom, and blossom there ;
 These laurels to Emmanuel bring,
 And each a crown shall wear.

Come then with me, rejoice and sing,
 We'll conquer in the field ;
 And make the hills and vallies ring,
 'The vict'ry now is seal'd !—

Our captain rides the milk white horse,
With armies by his side ;
Marching along the heavenly course,
The " Bridegroom and the Bride."*

No more by winds and tempests driven,
Have cross'd the swelling tide ;
All landed, in the port of heaven !
Where Jesus doth reside.

Those who arrive in Eden's bower,
So lovely and so fair ;
Shall each inhale a balmy shower,
Of sweet salubrious air.

While zephyrs wafting mildly fan
Their fragrance and perfume ;
Thus to invigorate the man,
Who wears the bright costume.†

Here, all their senses pregnant are
With love, which makes them free ;
Their image as the Morning Star,‡
To shine eternally !—

Not only so, but music grand,
Shall vibrate through the whole ;
And in this Bower ; (the " happy land ;")
We ne'er regret the fall.

* Christ and his Church. † The Wedding Garment.
‡ Jesus Christ.

Far risen now, beyond the joy,
Of Paradise below,—
Where nothing can our peace annoy,
But happier ever grow.

The marriage feast is on, and all
May freely now partake,
Come at a word, attend the call,
And eat for Jesu's sake.

Behold, the splendid sumptuous cheer,
A never ending store ;
Drink, at the crystal fountain here,
And live for ever more !


WILFUL VIOLATION OF THE SABBATH.

“Ye honor'd workmen, who engage
To do your owner's pleasure,
Can you expect the best of wage,
To make, and hold your treasure ?
Attend ye then, to truth laid bare ;
God's word alone can stand :
Nor yet th' incorrigible spare,
Who break, his “ known command.”
And they who wont adhere to it,
Condemn'd already are ;
Nor can they now in comfort sit,
Or drive the “ peaceful car.”

Mark ! in usage of the ill got store,
Which some would call their own ;
And ever gasping after more ;
The seeds of Death are sown !
The Sabbath violated, must
The wrath of God provoke ;
And they who smelt the Iron-dust,
Prepare the servile yoke.
Tho', daily warning, " such have given,"
The holy day to hold ;
Yet, counter to the laws of heaven,
They feed the " metal mould."
Take off, take off the Furnace blast,
Nor fire the Sabbath day ;
Or surely you will make the cast,
For which you'll have to pay.
No matter what your business be,
Your maker knows it all ;
Whose just commandments you must see,
And do, or down you fall.
Fall where ? (say you in vague pretence,
And question God in vain ;)
" Into the burning pit, from whence
You cannot rise again !"
The " Iron chain," with which you are
At present, " thus engag'd"
Will hold adherents faster far—
Than Belteshazar, " cag'd."
Th' hand-writing, is upon the wall !
Against the man who will,
(As Gods) on gold, or silver call,
And worship Idols still.

Belshazzar's impious feast, read o'er,
Open your eyes, and see ;
Mark, what is said as heretofore :
Now taxed upon thee.
And shall your money-making, blow
The fiery furnace blast ?
To quaff, in flames of hell below,
The ruin'd soul at last !
My fellow man, take this reproof,
With what you've had before :
Unto the " wise," I've said enough,
To open every pore.

A DISSERTATION ON TIME, AND ITS PROPER USE.

ULL liberty I do possess,
To use my time by measure ;
Supplies of which are getting less :
And where is all my treasure ?

Should I those precious moments lose,
Which goodness grants to me ;
The fountain here will shortly close,
And thus exhausted be.

Our time, and health, and wealth, are such
In value, none can count !
And yet, if wanting e'er so much,
May lose the whole amount.

Man looks, and speaks, and thinks, and acts,
Tho', often latter first ;
Much worse than neutralizing facts,
By which the boon is lost.

That should while here, enhance the bliss,
Of all the thinking race,—
Who never need one moment miss,
T' improve the day of grace.

The structure, which is form'd upright,
With head so nobly grand !
Will bear, and keep, the polish bright,
Which Christians understand.

Best faculties are plac'd in front,
Inferior ones behind,—
Which never need retard, or blunt,
Good feelings of the mind.

Vast idle talk, and foolish joke,
Are practis'd, far too oft,
Reducing mind, to creep or walk,
When it should soar aloft.

Where bright Creation issues forth,
The wise designs of him,
Who made, and plac'd mankind on earth,
And gave the active limb !

But, not to loiter in the field
Of action, while below—
Or else, his stock can never yield,
What loit'ers never know.

Sweet peace of mind, with true content,
 In every station free !
 Nor e'er a moment vainly spent,
 Are bless'd eternally.

MORAL.

Our moments, and minutes, form hours, and days,
 Which swell into months, and to years ;
 All the past, are far gone, no more to return,
 One moment alone, now appears.

As this is the case, we must leave the old place,
 To seek out a better estate,
 Where, far beyond time, in yon heavenly clime !
 Our happiness, cannot abate.

THE ENCHANTED WATERS.

THE waters enchanted, so often found me,
 Drawn off from the principal point :
 Where Truth in accordance could never agree,
 The system was thrown out of joint.
 Both the mind and the will, perverted remain,
 While keeping a portion to taste ;
 In the head, or the bosom, it genders a pain,
 And runs the whole system to waste.
 Altho' it proposes a charm to produce,
 And make the poor invalid well ;
 It springs from the fountain of poisonous juice,
 And brew'd in the suburbs of Hell !

The "Demon" hath laid his enchantment so deep,
At the Bottle and Glass you may sip ;
And with the contents he will lull you to sleep,
Till into commotion you slip.
Awak'd by the rumour, you lift up your eyes,
To behold what a mess you are in !
But now you are caught, tho' you look with surprise,
All this " is the wages of sin."
I have heard him say thus, draw nigh if you please,
Your friend John " will give you a treat,"
Do take a wee drop, man ! and sit at your ease,
The waters enchanted, are sweet !
The simple are trapped (by these sorry wiles)
Who take the first glass with a friend ;
Have got the " enchantment," which ever beguiles !
Their pleasures, in sorrow shall end.
" Let me, of the waters of Meribah drink,"
And obey the commandments of God !
With faculties sober, to speak, and to think,
Of him, who gave " Moses the rod."
With which, the rock smote, and the waters gush'd out,
To supply the lack of the day—
By the power of God, who, for " Israel" fought,
When " Joshua," march'd on his way !
Now let us attend, to the word of our friend,
While thus, in the desert we are ;
And then, to the " Mountain of Horeb" ascend !
Our Captain, hath finish'd the war.
Where rivers of water, for ever do flow,
In streams, from " Emmanuel's side !" ,
And fruits, in abundance, delightfully grow,
To entertain, only the bride.

MORAL.

Mark, this caution we give to the people, who live
Where drink is the dash of the day;
Not a drop now receive, or you'll afterwards grieve,
When you have the Devil "to pay!"

THE MEDICINE CHEST.

WLD Satan made a varnish'd puke,
And gave it to a certain Duke,
Who thought 'twould make him wondrous wise,
And let him see with both his eyes!
So then, he took the woful dose,
Which bred within, "a world of foes!"
Till Nickey's agent gave a call,
Who swallow'd 't Duke, and puke an' all.
It's operation's hard to tell,
We judge of Physic by the smell;
And yet, the draught of sin is such,
Man never thinks he gets too much;
Until his die be nearly cast,
And then, he may repent at last.
"When Adam fell a prey to this,
He spoilt his beauty, health, and bliss,"
Tho' he was duke, and lord, and knight,
He sacrific'd his honor bright!
And confiscated the estate
Confer'd on man, so nobly great—

Then, doom'd himself to ruin quite,
And fix'd us, in an awful plight !
A "friend" in need, was just at hand,
Who bought the confiscated land.
And more, by his redeeming plan,
Than did at first belong to man !
To us, who caus'd him grief, and pain,
He gave possession once again ;
That we, might reinstated be,
And hold the same eternally.
Tho' "quacks" make up their dozes yet,
Who tell us they were never bet,
With any thing they take in hand :
(As they would have us understand)
And thus, administer the pill,
Which leaves the patient sickly still ;
Or worse than e'er he was before,
And mark him down a double score,—
Which he can never, never pay,
Thus is he cripp'd every day.
"The great Physician" let us try,
Who bids all come to him and buy
The Med'cine, which mankind must have,
Their never dying souls to save.
And you who have no money come,
Your Doctor, always is at home,—
No charge he makes or even bill,
All may partake whoever will ;
His work he never does by chance,
The sin-sick soul is heal'd at once.
And enters on the "Grand Estate,"
Reserv'd for all the good, and great,

In time, and to the latest point,
United by the treble joint.—
Which time can never wear away,
'Twill last to an eternal day !
And then, while endless ages roll ;
He's bless'd in body, and in soul.
Enjoyment is his constant store,
Nor can he have, or wish for more.
Then, let all Lords, and Dukes, and Knights,
Beware of Doctor's quack'ry-bites ;
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
May to the " great Physician go !"
And thus obtain whate'er they need,
Of him, who made the will, and deed—
Securing all, to mortal man !
By his decrees, ere time began.

THE FRUITS OF INFINITE LOVE.

Surpassing all mankind have wrote,
Is still reserv'd for those,
Who learn the precepts Jesus taught,
When mortal life shall close.

Nor can we calculate the sum
Of all the blessings here ;
Time present, past, or yet to come,
Would leave us in the rear.

By faith, we're winding through the vale,
Where lovely breezes blow ;
And, wafted by a princely gale,
Which Christians only know.

Some parts of which, I'll strive to name :
The joy, and lasting peace,
Resulting ever from the same,
Shall never, never cease.

And, when we reach " the promis'd Land,"
Shall then behold the store—
Reserv'd for those, (at God's right hand,)
Who live for evermore !

On fruits mature, which ever grow,
'Mid sweet salubrious air ;
And purest waters gently flow,
All harmonizing there.

While zephyrs waft their balmy sweets,
In odorif'rous fume ;
Each breeze, the song of love repeats,
And spreads her golden plume.

The joys of this jasminion state,
Delight angelic minds,
To realize, and contemplate
The love, which all combines.


While saints do sing, we've gain'd the prize,
For ever to retain ;
Where sun's immortal, brilliant rise !
Never to set again.—

Can I in this attempt, display
 (Magnificence sublime ;)
 The glories of eternal day,
 In yon luxuriant clime ?

Ah ! never, never, never till,
 All faith, is lost in sight,
 And then, the increase ever will
 Be permanent delight !

Far more than all the world below,
 And all the powers above !
 United, can conceive, or know,
 " Th' infinitude of Love ! "

THE CHILD'S DETERMINATION.

 WILL be talking of the Lord,
 His glory, love, and power—
 Shall be my theme, in every word,
 Until my latest hour.

Beneficence, and free good-will,
 By his redeeming grace ;
 My heart with gratitude shall fill,
 In every time, and place.


His works, so wonderfully great,
 And mercy without end !
 Induce my soul on him to wait,
 And all my time to spend.

Thus, to his honor, glory, praise,
And ownself benefit ;
Commencing in my early days,
I'll study holy writ.

Wherein to read, and learn, and know,
And mark the path to tread !
And then, the same to others show ;
To furnish heart, and head.

That, wise unto salvation, each
May grow, by grace alone ;
And as young " Timothy," I'll preach,
Jesus, the corner stone.

THE TACITONIA!!!

HERE, is the speech so loudly heard ?
That all mankind may know,
Their Maker's voice without a word !
Ah ! " whither shall I go ?"
The boist'rous wind, the whisp'ring wind,
The tempests howling yell !
While passing, leave a sound behind ;
Inquiring, is all well ? —
The waters, gliding gently by ;
The torrents, rapid move ;
In tacit language, each reply,
Our author lives above !

The fire, the hail, the snow, the sleet,
With every drop of rain ;
In element'ry tone repeat,
The subject o'er again.
The thunder's loud terrific roll ;
The vivid lightning's dart ;
Speak plainly, to the human soul,
And daunt the stoutest heart !
The seas, in one perpetual roar,
Are quite distinctly heard,
By those, upon the ocean shore,
Without one verbal word.
Such howlings in the wilderness,
Throughout the valley run ;
While every sound speaks nothing less,
Than, time is moving on.
The mountains, stand a monument,
Of God's Almighty power !
And now, to us, do represent,
Subject, of " Babel's tower."
The air we breathe, is freely given,
Tho' every breath we spend ;
This language speaks (direct from heaven,)
" Your time must shortly end !"
War, pestilence, and famine too,
With all diseases sure :
Just witness this, and clearly shew,
God can't with sin endure.
But, let us take a pleasing view,
To represent the word—
Which spake the world, and all things new !
When " Chaos" bounding, heard.

Behold, yon brilliant orb of day !
And listen to his speech ;
Hear him in tacit language say,
 " I daily sermons preach !" .
He casts his light, and heat, around,
 On both our hemispheres ;
And animates the solid ground,
 From whence all life appears.
Witness yon vegetation spring,
 On which the living feed ;
The menial, mendicant, and king,—
 " This Book " all nations read.
The moon, dependent on the sun,
 Holds forth her splendid torch ;
Who, but for him, had ne'er begun,
 To take her nightly march.
The brilliant stars which twinkling shine,
 Speak forth their author's name ;
Each bears this mark, " the hand divine,"
 Doth shine in every flame !
All these celestial things are high ;
 Far, far above our reach !
And yet, their voice is heard so nigh ;
 We understand their speech.
But let us now descend again,
 And listen while below ;
To all the vegetative train,
 That whisper as they grow.
A smile there is, on every flower !
 And as we look, they nod ;
And state, " they're subjects of an hour,"
 Just risen from the sod.

While trees, which bear their fruit so well,
May blossom and look gay !
Their language is, " your parents fell,"
And we must soon decay.
The bloom is shed, the fruit is cast,
And every leaf shall fall ;
The tree itself, now drops at last,
Symbolical of all.
Mankind, so healthy, blithe, and gay,
Who, like the lily grew,
In colour splendid, pass away,
Just as the " morning dew."
Now what shall I say more to those,
Who cannot read, or spell ?
In tacit language I suppose,
You hear the warning bell.
And if you cannot hear, your eyes,
May happen give a look,
And learn a lesson by the wise
" Author," of Nature's book !
But, if you can't by this display,
Discern the truth so plain,
We'll try it in another way,
Which may prove endless gain.
'Tis this, " the passions of the mind,"
You harbour, or remove ;
Retain the one, that's ever kind ;
" The principle of love."
As this alone, fulfils the law,
Which God hath given man ;
Within himself, then shall he know,
The great redeeming plan.

A heart renew'd by grace alone ;
The vilest one may feel,
And bless the day, that he was born,
With impress of the seal !
The still, small voice, now speaks within ;
No language half so plain :
It tells him, he is clear of sin,
And woo's him to remain.
The " Tacitonia " ever speaks,
In sentiment sublime ;
And he, who wisdom, truly seeks,
Must find it while in time.
Which now, is ebbing out apace,
And not a moment still !
So, like the tide, in every place,
Where rising, swells the bill.
Now, if the day of grace is spent,
In idleness and play ;
Be sure of this, you must repent,
That e'er you saw the day.
But, if each moment you improve,
And listen to the voice,
Which speaks no language else but love ;
You've made a noble choice !
In her embrace, you live and die ;
Then, live to die no more :
But reign with " Christ " beyond the sky ;
For he hath gone before.
Who spake the word, and worlds were made,
Unnumber'd yet by man ;
And form'd deep projects in the shade,
By his Redeeming plan !

The still, small voice, is surely heard,
And secret truths reveal'd ;
In tacit language, by his word :
When with the spirit seal'd !

THE PEACEFUL WAR.

PUT on the armour of your God,
The whole of which you need ;
And watch withal, his signal nod,
Who doth the armies lead.

“ Fight the good fight of faith, said Paul,”
While in the midst of strife ;
Attend the holy spirit's call ;
Lay hold on endless life !

Can we obey yon chief's command ?
With carnal weapons fight,
Against mankind by sea, or land !
In slaughter take delight ?

“ The potsherds of the earth may strive,
Contending with each other ;”
But Christian nations, won't connive,
And fight against their brother.

Ah, no ! the principle of love,
Possesses ev'ry breast !
Peaceful, and harmless, as a dove
Returning to her rest.

The noblest battle ever fought,
Since time on earth began ;
Was that by which our Captain brought,
Salvation unto man.

No greater power exists, than love,
'Twill conquer every foe ;
But, if we from the camp remove,
Then quite astray we go.

The " Christian victor " may I prove,
O'er sin, and death, and hell ;
By Christ's appointed weapon, love,
Which always answers well.

To work the golden rule, whereby
All Christian people live ;
And imitate their Saviour's cry,
" Father ! I pray forgive."


And now the conquest he hath seal'd,
With his most precious blood ;
The secret truly is reveal'd,
And by us understood.

See you to this, the golden thread.
Force through the needle's eye :
One single touch can raise the dead,
And make the Devil fly !

As brethren, let us love, and live
In virtue of His name ;
Who did His life for mortals give,
And peace on earth proclaim.

That everlasting peace we might
Enjoy in realms above !
Where Heavenly armies never fight,
In sweet harmonic love.

A SPECIMEN OF WAR, AND SPLENDID
TITLES !!!

EHOOLD the Russians, with the Poles,
In Australenca's field !
Where twenty thousand human souls,
With blood the battle seal'd.
All slain, and wounded, what a sight,
For Christians to behold !
Speak out, and tell me, is it right,
To barter life for gold ?
The conq'ers then did prostitute,
The widows of the slain !
And put to death, (to gain their suit,)
The children that remain.
All this was done, and vastly more
Than prudence bids me name ;
While rapine, murder, death and gore,
They term, a noble game !
And then, forsooth, those valiant men ;
(So call'd, because of power :)
Will try the same trick o'er again,
The Turks and all devour.

Our British heroes loath to see,
Such base inhuman work !
Would strive to set the captive free,
And thus, assist the "Turk."
The French, and English, (both allied,)
Are gone to quell their rage !
'Mid frost and snow, 'gainst wind and tide,
The "Russians" to engage.
Tho' "Wellington," and "Bonaparte,"
In battle spent their day,
And forty millions (annual smart.)
Have left, for us to pay !
" 'Tis true, that hostile parties we,
Full many a year have fought !
Opposing each, by land and sea,
While in the trap, we're caught."
And then, those valiant men they say,
Just fight, to make us bread ;
Altho' for it we've dear to pay,
And feast upon the dead.
A title then, is given to,
The hero of the gang ;
Who did the bravest murder do,
Where peals of vict'ry rang !
Thousands of pounds are settl'd on,
The "villain" for his deed ;
By which, he thinks, all's right he's done,
He's now of noble breed !
O ! shame upon you, fie for shame ;
All those who honor such,
Break useful limbs, to bind with fame,
And help them with a crutch.

Away with titles, names, and power,
Obtain'd by roguish art !
Which lesson dignity, the flower
Of man, with generous heart.
The stipendary bounties swell,
And fill the breast with glee !
While "honor's" tickling music bell,
Drowns every sight they see.
And only simpletonians yield,
Who can't foresee the evil ;
This truth is prov'd in battle-field,
They've listed to the Dèvil.
In whose vile service, are engag'd,
To murder, cut, and slay ;
All hell's let loose, and so enrag'd,
That none can win the day.
Weapons of deep destruction are
Sheath'd in a brother's side !
While thus he cries, don't cut and mar,
The son of Father's bride !
Hold, brother, hold, I'm not in jest,
See what a deadly wound :
On me inflicted, I'm distress'd,
Here dying on the ground !
Big tears I'll shed, for you, my brother,
My heart doth well nigh burst ;
I hope you'll never slay another :
Farewell, here's dust to dust.
And will you designate him lord,
Or noble duke, or knight !
Who, wantonly can use the sword,
And murder, with delight ?

The appellation's out of place,
Alike in word and deed ;
Pray, who would wish the sad disgrace,
Entail'd upon their seed ?
None, but the vicious ones whose yoke,
Is bondage, blood, and war,
Through seas of gore, they proudly stalk,
And drive the Devil's car.
With sword in hand, the bay'net too,
Big guns, are charg'd to fire !
They shoot, and cut, and slay, but who
Their practise can admire ?
Fine "Titles" please the sordid mind,
Big with brutality !
With scarce a touch of human kind ;
Lost all humanity.
They take up arms, forsooth, to kill
Mankind, without occasion ;
Then rob the dead, their sacks to fill,
And call it, just invasion. —
Behold them wade through reeking blood,
(Of those, whom they have slain ;)
Plund'ring, and style it nobly good,
To live, by roguish gain.
Ah ! mean, mean, mean, I can't but say,
You hold it in succession ;
All primogeniture's queer day,
And call't a lord's possession.
But, can you eat, and drink with pleasure,
The proceeds of the same ?
And do you now enjoy the treasure,
Got, by the hellish game ?

'Twill soon be over, Nichol's gone !
But where, I cannot tell :
Emp'rors, and Kings, do travel on,
And ring the warning bell.
For us, who yet in time may act,
And still push on the deed ;
But mark, this grave, and sterling fact,
Each one, is sowing seed.
The fruit of which, we soon shall reap,
When time with us shall end ;
Who, God's commandments will not keep ;
Have lost their only friend.
" Hark ye ! the shrill, alarming sound,
From " Alma's " battle field !
This sword hath fix'd th' immortal wound ;
My destiny is seal'd.
" Mid reeking blood, I've lost my all,
Ambition is my foe ;
While in the " Crimea " thousands fall,
And sink in endless woe.
I hear the beat of battle drum ;
The trumpets sound alarm !
Then, hostile parties, trembling come,
By this Demoniac charm.
Buoy'd up, beyond fair reason's power,
Fell passions bear the sway ;
With vicious recklessness devour,
The innocent, and slay—
The Mother's only, only son,
Poor Widows are bereav'd,
Their Children all, are now undone :
And Christian souls are griev'd.

But what can be expected less,
 From those who list to fight ?
 Their aim and object is distress,
 Who, wrong prefer, to right.
 Have mercy Lord, the wounded cries :
 Amid the horrid yell !
 Of those who have obtain'd their prize,
 And ring Damnation's bell.
 Jesus receive me, can'st thou not.
 In this most needful hour !
 My sins from thy remembrance blot,
 Or Devils will devour.
 This soul of mine, this precious soul !
 Ah ! when the spirits fled,
 Shall I then weep, and wail, and howl,
 Dying, and never dead ?
 Speak out, ye murdering men, and say !
 Where are the souls of those,
 Whom ye delib'rately did slay ;
 Are they in bless'd repose ?
 Where are the Czars, the Dukes, and Knights ?
 Great owners of the land !
 Who strive to put the world to rights,
 With sword, and gun in hand.
 Behold the judge of all the earth !
 In grandeur, nobly clad ;
 With vengeance now, to test the worth
 Of actions, good, or bad.
 The balance, true and just, is set
 In righteousness, for all !
 And each, their wages due, shall get
 The "Great," as well as small.

For weight and measure you shall have,
 Meted to you again !
 As justice reigns beyond the grave :
 And surely must obtain.
 Fine names and titles, then can not,
 Avail the least the man !
 "The peaceful garment without spot,
 Is Christ's redeeming plan."—

THE TALENT.

It is not for those, possessing much,
 Of this world's goods, to boast ;
 Responsibility is such :
 Big stewards have the most.

And he, who acts his part the best,
 However low his station ;
 Shall in the Prince's suit be dress'd,
 And meet his approbation.

Remember this, ye landed men,
 Who hold the large estate !
 You'll have to leave it soon, and then,
 To mend it, is too late.

Would those who have the talent in hand,
 Instead of holding fast,
 Scatter the same, through out the land,
 Or sow their seed abroad and then

Then, it would have a chance to spring,
 And multiply their store ;
 A harvest in due season bring,
 Producing tenfold more !

Now, never let your talent rust,
 Or, useless you will prove,
 If ever man went wrong, ye must,
 With nothing to remove.

And worse than nothing, you will find,
 When summon'd to account ;
 Your goods, and all, are left behind,
 And empty is the fount.


MORAL.

This privilege is ours, to live,
 While here, and vastly more !
 'Tis God's prerogative to give
 To the improved store.

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

AN ANTHEM.

TUNE.—*Creation.*

 WHEN Nature in confusion lay,
 Without one single shade of light,
 The God of power turn'd night to day ;
 And then appear'd a splendid sight.

Creation ! heaven, and earth apart,
Fixt by his own Almighty word ;
Who first to Nature gave a start
Propell'd in order, by its Lord.

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars, above,
And all the varied Planets shine,
In perpetuity to move,
And speak their origin divine !
Hark, hark ! the Morning Stars rejoice,
And sing in sweet harmonic lays ;
The Planetudinarian voice,
Is heard to sound its Author's praise !

On Earth, the green grass now appears,
With Shrubs, and Plants, of varied hue,
Which in successive months and years,
Present a fresh and pleasing view.
Behold, in Paradise, the trees,
Laden with rich, delicious fruit ;
While zephyrs waft their lovely breeze,
And Nature wears her first new suit !

Then, Man was made, the Lord of all
Created things, by sea or land ;
Birds, Fish, and Beasts, both great and small,
Subservient to his sole command.
An help-mate for him, now sprang forth,
Created by Almighty power ;
Which gave to Nature all its worth,
The lovely, and fairest Flower !


By whom, transferr'd from earth to heav'n,
The brightest " Gem " that ever shone !

And now to us the boon is giv'n !
 The Son of God, of woman born.
 Whereby, the the golden knot is tied,
 A stanza, all in harmony !
 Which never, never can subside,
 Throughout a vast eternity !

MORAL,

The Creation is grand ! but can you behold
 The author of Nature within ?
 Who made the whole universe, not to be sold,
 In bondage, a debtor to sin.
 The world was presented to Man when upright,
 Tho' he has perverted the plan ;
 By actions immoral, turn'd day into night,
 And this was the ruin of man !
 Yet, order and harmony out of his reach,
 In primitive style doth appear ;
 All nature is vocal, attend to its speech,
 " The God of Creation is here !"

THE WAY TO QUELL THE STORM.

 WHEN envy, spleen, and malice rage,
 Where friendship ought to dwell ;
 Assiduous art must then engage,
 Their virulence to quell.
 By answer mild, in soft reply
 To propositions made ;

Then, enmity will surely die,
Or sink in retrograde.
But if in wrath, the evil tongue,
Be clink-ma-clank a going :
Iniquity is highly sprung,
Pernicious winds are blowing !
Thus, when two fires meet, you know
They kick up such a blaze :
With bellows you begin to blow,
And sparks fly out, all ways !
Good sort of folk may catch the flame,
Which makes their bosom burn ;
For indignation is the game,
We all are apt to learn.

MORAL.


Tho' storms and tempests do assail,
The man of courage bold ;
They cannot over him prevail,
Remember " Job of old."
In patience do possess your soul,
And never dare to shrink ;
Altho' the ocean billows roll,
By faith you cannot sink.
" Remember Daniel in the den !"
The children in the fire !
Who stood the test, as honest men,
Against vindictive ire.
Let winds arise, and tempests rage,
No matter what befall !
Omnipotence doth still engage,
You're safe amid them all !

A GOOD FORTUNE BEQUEATHED TO THE
INTENDED SPOUSE, THUS—

IN legal matters, do your best,
And leave to Providence the rest ;
Without presumptive air, or pride,
Thus, will you make a trusty bride.
Obtaining what you little thought,
A man, without a single groat :
Yet, never in this state despair,-
Your master will be always there.
From whose protection never roam ;
And he'll conduct you to your home :
Where, happy you may ever be,
Through time, and to eternity.
My heart's desire, and wish, it is,
That he, be yours, and you be his ;
In love and unity to dwell,
Until you meet, where all fares well.
Adieu, adieu, once more I'll say,
Just do your best, without delay :
As time and chance, will happen all,
The high, the low, the great, and small.




CAUSE AND EFFECT.

 WHEN anger and revenge prevail,
Within the breast of man ;
The yielding heart propels the gale,
Which envy first began.
And thus, the boist'rous winds arise,
To fill the vacant bowl
Of those, who think themselves more wise,
Than is the virtuous soul.
And thus the vicious termagant,
Disturbs his own repose ;
By fungus rais'd, to puff and pant,
With every wind that blows.
But, look at one who can't be caught,
By cunning, flippant guile ;
Nor ever can be sold or bought,
By other's frown or smile.
The man of mind is sound and firm,
As is the sturdy Oak,
Which stands the test in every storm,
And never needs a cloak.
As every blast of wind that blows,
Accelerates the growth,
Of all its fibrous roots and boughs,
In Age, as well as Youth.



THE PRIEST AND PHILOSOPHER.

HY don't you join us, Sir? nor go to yon crew,
 Who strike up, and make such a din;
 I'll give you a sitting within my own pew,
 By which a good proselyte win.
 "Attend, if you please, it's quite right that you should:
 Remember who gave the command!
 To preach his own Gospel, tho' not understood
 By many who take it in hand."
 "You know the thing well, nor can I dispute
 Your qualification in grace;
 But come to my Church, held so high in repute,
 By all the respectable race."
 "We're taught at the College, as such, have a right
 To maintain our dignity here;
 Far, far above those who in shouting delight,
 And oft in the streets do appear."
 "Come, friend, what do you say? allow me to hear,
 A sentence or two from your lip;
 We know that Philosophers always are queer,
 And often do handle the whip;
 I beg you be gentle in using the thong,
 If such you may happen to need;
 Nor lay it on frequent, or yet very strong,
 Or else you may cause me to bleed!"


* * * *

"You Priests, in Pulpits have your way,
 And why not me have mine?"

Hear now, what I have got to say,
My message is divine !
You've styl'd me a Philosopher !
Which may be right, I grant ;
And when you make an open blur,
I'll give the thing you want.
You're not infallible, we know,
As blinded " Pope " would be ;
Nor ever to his Church will go,
Then listen unto me.
When Doctors, Bards, and Parsons, sir,
In matters disagree ;
Then comes the true l'hilosopher,
To give them eyes to see.
But if through prejudice they will,
Each one, contend he's right :
Such are in heathen darkness still ;
With eyes, yet wanting sight !
Would sects, and parties, all agree,
And own the standard one ;
In unity, the Church would be :
Each, hand in hand go on.
Now, search the scriptures, get the rule
Laid down, by God alone !
And don't be stupid as a mule :
Christ did for all atone !
He is the true Philosopher,
The Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Then, let us make a noble stir,
And out of bondage spring !
Vain bigotry, and self-conceit,
Lodging within the sect ;

Work up their ruin, so complete,
None can its own detect.
From hence, may each a lesson take ;
Attend the trumpet call,
To watch and pray, for Jesu's sake !
That sects and parties fall.
And all the world be gather'd in,
To his delightful fold :
Then, Jesus Christ, alone shall win,
What prophets have foretold."

REMEMBER THE POOR.

HE lovely summer's gone,
And stern winter now is on ;
It is time to remember the poor—

When snow and frost set in,
Very fit you should begin,
O, ye rich, to remember the poor.

I don't begrudge your wealth,
But, I hope you have good health ;
And incline to remember the poor.

Compassionate me now,
When my back begins to bow ;
That's the time to remember the poor.

While you sit by your fire,
I am pinch'd with winter's ire ;
Now's the time to remember the poor !

Here, at your mercy, I
 Thus, in poverty do cry,
 I beseech you, remember the poor!


My limbs are very cold,
 And I'm very, very old ;
 I entreat you, remember the poor.

I've spent my summer's day,
 All in jest, and foolish play ;
 Yet, I pray you remember the poor.

A BENEDICTION PRONOUNCED ON THE GIVER.

" God bless you in your store ;
 And I wish you, ten times more !
 For, my Lord doth remember the poor."

A PLEASING SOLILOQUY.

ET me retire unto the spot,
 Where worldly business is forgot ;
 And true enjoyment reigns :
 Which springs from mental pow'rs alone,
 And waxes in the summer's morn ;
 Nor in the evening wains.

Likewise in winter's stormy day,
 Blooms fair, and blossoms, as in May !
 Producing lovely fruit :

Luxuriant, noble, pleasing, grand ;
Pluck'd by the muses liberal hand ;
All parties thus to suit.

Then, shall I spend my time and strength,
Where suns can never run their length ;
Or clouds obscure the day,—
Nor rustling winds alarm the breast,
For ever in this peaceful rest ;
Perpetual homage pay.

To him, who rules the pow'rs on high,
And whirls the spheres that rapid fly ;
Propell'd from pole to pole !
Where, in the car which runs apace,
Throughout this universal space,
Earth moves, and oceans roll.

Here let me in seclusion rest,
With peace and true contentment bless'd ;
The flames of love to fan,
That those, who have but one small match ;
May strike it, and that instant catch
The privilege of man.

And now while on th' aonian mount !
Let me those golden figures count,
In this, my humble cot,—
Far from the world's invidious gaze,
Here, spend my short, or lengthen'd days ;
As God assigns my lot.

And thus may I contribute, to
The welfare of mankind, and show,
The light of truth, and grace :

That every soul of man may find,
 Within itself a noble mind ;
 Which time can not erase !

Nor, vast eternity impair,
 That vigorous strength, and structure fair
 Which rallies after time :
 When atoms to their native soil
 Have made return, nor ere recoil ;
 Immortal sons of rhyme !

Who live throughout time's utmost bound,
 And yet, eternal ages round,
 The muses ever swell !
 (Symphonious charms) in songs divine,
 And strains of music, yours and mine,
 To ring the choral bell.


Sweet harmony, in grand display !
 Where angels and archangels pay,
 Their homage at his feet ;
 Who caus'd the morning stars to sing,
 At the command of Nature's king !
 Creation's birth to greet.

And then again, when Christ was born !
 (The brightest star that ever shone,
 On our benighted land.)
 Sweet seraphs sang, in heavenly lays,
 With golden harps, to sound his praise :
 Behold, the Royal Band !

But, when th' atoning work was done,
 (The noblest vict'ry ever won ;
 In robes of righteousness !)

What music then, peal'd through the skies !
Ye Poets, listen with surprise ;
Put on your silken dress.
Speak out, ye " Bards" of ancient times,
And modern too, in mystic rhymes ;
Set forth the noble soul !
However musical your theme,
Your sound is far beneath the cream,
Of yon crystal bowl !


AN ARDENT INVOCATION.

RANT me, O Lord, if thou see fit,
While I remain on earth,
In comfort and in peace to sit,
With saints of humble birth.
Far from the pest of anxious care,
With all my pow'rs employ'd,
In works of goodwill, faith, and prayer,
Of sin and folly void.
Nigh half a Century I have been
Engag'd with men and things ;
Utopean changes often seen,
Which pain, or pleasure brings.
But yet, while moving on, in time,
A grand reality
Presents itself, in truth sublime,
A vast eternity !

We, in the book of mortal life,
May give a curs'ry glance ;
And fancy pleasure, peace, or strife,
Is but the work of chance.
Delusive, vain, and foolish thought !
Is there no Providence ?
Man may be by this notion caught ;
But, mark the consequence !
Our deeds, and words, and thoughts likewise,
Contribute weal or woe ;
And stamp on us, the blank or prize,
A lasting friend, or foe ;
From whom we ne'er can fly away,
Our everlasting state
Depends on deeds of life's short day,
Done by, both small and great !
Lord, let me publish to mankind,
By thy dictation given ;
That those may see, who now are blind,
To find their way to heaven.
And likewise such as know the way,
Let these progressive rise,
To win the long, and well fought day,
And gain the noble prize.
That when we've spent our transient days,
Beneath thy smile and ken ;
We'll give thee honor, power, and praise,
World without end. Amen.



THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

AIN servile adulations, and
Inispid compliment,
Arise from bare and barren land,
Where virtue's nearly spent.
But mind, with strength and fortitude,
Of energetic strain ;
Will cast the same in torpitude,
Forever to remain.
'Twill never undervalue fame,
Or merit, when 'tis due ;
Which soars beyond what I can name,
Obtain'd by very few.
The author spends his precious hours
To benefit mankind ;
Collecting sweet and lovely flowers,
To ornament the mind.
Thousands have seen, and read with pleasure,
Those subjects of the Bard,
From which obtain'd a mental treasure ;
And tender'd him reward !
But prudence gently doth decline
The compliment so free,
She answers, they are yours and mine,
You, feast along with me.
Then let us pass probation here,
In quiet and repose ;
And then, hereafter never fear
To be a blooming rose !

SYMPATHY, ASK AND HAVE.

SWAY to the fountain, whence springs the delight,
Which angelic minds never knew ;
Tho' praising the Lamb, whose ineffable light,
In splendoric glory they view.

How happy the man, who with feelings divine,
Can sympathise with the distress'd ;
'Tis God-like, in principle ever to shine,
In th' garment of sympathy dress'd.

Thus honor'd is man, (and deny it who can,)
By the side of his Master he rides ;
In the chariot of love, both below and above,
Their unity nothing divides.

A display of the same, is made in his name ;
The principle ever to give—
What others require, they in us may admire,
While we in the tenement live.

So well was it tested, and prov'd by the man—
Acquainted with sorrow and grief,
Who, through fire and water, so eagerly ran,
To rescue, and grant us relief.

Now or never's the day, wherein we all may,
Rejoice in the musical sound ;
Remember the thief, who obtained relief,
While sympathy suffer'd the wound,

Ah! the good things he bought, surpassing all thought,
We ask for, while asking, receive,
Not a soul need be lost, (remember the cost,)
Then tell me, who wouldn't believe?


THE BODY AND SOUL OF THE SECULARIST.

WAY with enjoyment dependent on wealth!
And the comfort of fortune alone;
Independent of peace, good will, and good health,
And the price of the lily-white stone!
Away with the titles, and honor of those
Whose dignity lays in their name;
Well pleas'd with the rattle, until their life close,
'Mid swellings of popular fame!
Then, is it box'd up with themselves, under ground?
On which the vile worm cannot feast!
Or a wind that is pass'd, no more to be found;
Say, is it the worth of a beast?
But what is it worth to the lively and gay?
Who like to be playing the game;
If it's worth all the world unto them, as "they say,"
They give all the world for a name!
What a vague speculation is this, to be made!
By a mortal endowed with mind!
Who leaves all his substance, to pine in the shade,
Or waft, as a wisp in the wind!

Nay, more than he had, is gone by illusion
This world he hath sold, and the next ;
For what is at best, a total delusion ;
And now he may wander perplex'd !
The spirit is fled, which he knew nothing of,
Nor did he believe in a God,
Who made him for higher enjoyment above,
Than matter produc'd from the sod.
And yet, all the product of earth is for man,
To receive and enjoy while below ;
Tho' counter to wisdom and excellence ran
From his birth, and still he would go !
While the trinkets and toys, the meat and the drink,
The fashion, the pomp, and the pride,
Did benefit nothing, but left him to sink,
In despair ; thus the secular died !
The soul has now fled from its tenement here,
And both to their origin gone ;
'Mid the hope and the joy, the doubt and the fear,
That cheer'd and distress'd him anon.
The man with big body, and little wee mind,
Contracted according to wish ;
May search all his lifetime, but nothing can find,
In the Sea where seculars fish !
Nor is this the worst of the subject in hand ;
By the bait of the matter you know,
The line gave a spring from the end of the wand,
And you caught the hook in your jaw !




MY OWN FIRESIDE!!—!

 You may walk, talk, and plot, or take the long ride,
I'm content with my lot, at my own Fireside.
There's comfort abroad tho', where she doth abide,
And the same will obtain at my own Fireside.
Now perhaps you may wink at the subject so wide,
But allow me to think, at my own Fireside.
I have had a fair smatch, having ta'en the long stride,
Yet I like to keep watch, at my own Fireside.
I have heard people joke, and their neighbours deride,
But I like the home talk of my own Fireside.
Tho' the comforts be small which I have to provide,
Yet I like to taste all at my own Fireside.
With domestics around me, to cut and divide
The provision you see, at my own Fireside,
Ah! the evenings I spend! with my comfort and guide,
To consult my best friend! at my own Fireside.
When away from my cot, and a lodging denied!
Then I've thought on the lot of my own Fireside.
The tempestuous storm, I have had to outride;
But the calm I affirm, is my own Fireside!
With my children and wife, a good, honest bride!
I've the comforts of life, at my own Fireside.
All attention is given, no blessing denied;
'Tis like a wee heaven! my own Fireside.
With love, joy, and peace, till the Jordan divide!
To begin, and increase, at my own Fireside.
When my friends give a call, I am glad to preside,
Yea, and welcome them all, at my own Fireside.


Tho' the raging winds blow, on the billowy tide,
 Yet, we're in *statu-quo*, at my own Fireside.
 May the Word of the Lord be my rule and my guide,
 Thus to live in concord, at my own Fireside.
 Now, let those who see this, (for I'll add naught beside,)
 Mark ! content is the bliss of my own Fireside.


THE MOST DESIRABLE.

EACH me, O Lord, thy will to know,
 Guide all my steps aright,
 That every word and act may shew
 Thy will is my delight.
 Thereby to feel within my breast,
 The calm serenity,
 With thy good spirit ever blest,
 My soul shall happy be.
 Singing the song while here below,
 Which Angels chant above ;
 Then shall I taste, and feel, and know,
 The sweets of perfect love.
 Where saints who liv'd before the flood
 And ever since the fall ;
 Conspire to praise the Lamb of God,
 And crown him Lord of all !




THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

 This is the last rose of summer, (whose fate I deplore.)
Left alone, thus to quiver, and flourish no more !
Having gaz'd on its beauty, when passing that way,
I have thought it my duty, one moment to stay ;
And in love recondite, view its handsome estate,
When it said to me, smiling, I cannot long wait ;
And, if you'd have my odour, your senses to cheer,
You must catch the first dropping pellucid and clear :
As I bloom, so I blossom, and hoard up in truce,
All my essence, in safety, for thy special use.
Then touch me quite tenderly, else I shall weep it ;
And you see my fair beauty, but ne'er can keep it.
So, the last rose of summer, I mark'd as my own,
Which I pluck'd from its stem, when it's beauty was
blown ;
Then distill'd it, and bottl'd the essence alone,
To revive the fine senses, when they're out of tone !
While the sweet birds are singing, in ample display ;
Then, the rose bud of summer, a tribute will pay.
Tho' the soft balmy zephyrs scud over the plain,
Quite as long as the beauties of summer remain ;
And the crystaliz'd dew drops, which hang on the
flower,
Are but relics of sweetness, distill'd from the shower !
Yet, the whole I retain in the eve of the day,
When the roses of summer have all pass'd away.



TO CREATE HARMONY IN MARRIED LIFE.

ANKIND in the union of sexes, shall pass,
 Restricted to one, you agree :
 As face answers truly to face in a glass,
 The lovely shall answer to me.
 An interlocutory, sweet interchange,
 Of sentiment ever divine ;
 Must spring from the principle, never to range,
 Beyond the due boundary line.
 The circle domestic, where harmony dwells ;
 The palace, to which you resort :
 Each heart is responding, whose bosom now swells,
 By the love, with which it is fraught.
 'Tis heaven on earth, so delightfully sweet :
 The positive smile of the bride !
 Thus social, and freely, her partner to meet,
 Co-equal, protector, and guide.
 Can angel's outvie in their happy estate,
 The connubial pair upon earth ?
 Whose joy is augmented, the more you dilate,
 On the subject of testing its worth !

THE ANSWER.

Well, this is the state that I want to be in,
 The sooner the better for me ;
 I wish to do well, and at once will begin,
 While single, unspotted, and free.



HOSTILITIES AT AN END.

A UNIVERSAL ANTHEM.

AIR—*Scots wha hae.*

AS LONG as Britannia rules the waves,
 True Britons never shall be slaves,
 Or act the part, so worthy knaves,
 While the Ocean's roll ;
 Nor undertake the desp'rate case,
 The foreign enemy to chase,
 If each would only keep their place,
 Fixt, from Pole to Pole.

Let every Continent and Isle,
 Put on the noble, gen'rous smile,
 Which springs from bus'ness mercantile,
 With an honest heart.
 Ye nations all rejoice to see
 The signal moral victory,
 Re-opening out by land and sea !
 Britons, act your part !

The din of war is surely o'er !
 Ye Nobles, butcher man no more ;
 Let peace resound from shore to shore :
 Truth and equity.
 All kingdoms of the earth rejoice,
 To hear the charming halcyon voice !
 Be this the object of their choice,
 Love in unity !

Brave England, France, and Russia join,
To build their altars at the shrine,
Where Freedom's right is held divine ;
Never to remove.


The "Prince of Peace" in grand display!
The "King of Kings" shall hold the sway!
And wield the Sceptre every day!
Peace, in perfect love!

Then let the world in harmony,
Unite in choral symphony!
And sing the song of liberty,
Be he, black or white!
If all but start upon the key,
Which set the ancient Britons free,
Music shall ring from sea to sea!
Sweetly, day and night.

Thus saith the King of Kings to thee!
"Hadst thou but hearken'd unto me,
Thy peace would as a river be,
Flowing, far and wide.
Thy righteousness would then abound,
As waves that in the sea are found;
Yet firmly fixt on solid ground!
Proof, against the tide."



EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

HE Emp'ror in the midst was caught !
'Ere he had got the battle fought,
Death seiz'd him jejune by the throat,
And laid his valour low.
But Alexander still remains,
To wash out all the bloody stains,
And close the crimson current veins,
Then open'd by the foe.

Nor can I ever count the cost,
Of precious souls and bodies lost !
Precipitant or rashly tost,
Where they can rise no more ;
Until the penalty's to pay,
By those who did their brothers slay !
Each must attend the judgment day,
And pay the awful score.

Take good advice my friends, in time,
At home, or in a foreign clime,
And let your hearts with Music chime,
The song of mutual love.
Be emulous, each to excell,
In unity together dwell ;
Then shall we meet, where all fares well !
With Christ, our friend above.




SIMILITUDES, AND REALITIES OF JESUS
CHRIST.

SOME shadows faint, of Christ my Lord ;
Created matter may afford ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
No adequate conception, man
Can have of his redeeming plan ;
And yet, I'll strive my best to show,
What Jesus is, from what I know:
Art thou compar'd to bread and wine ?
Let me partake of thee, and thine !
Dear Lord, that I may thus be fed,
On living wine, and living bread.
Art thou the tree, whose healing leaves,
Salvation gives, which man receives ?
The noble branch, the fruitful bough !
King David's root, and offspring too ?
Art thou the Rose of Sharon, fair,
Whose scent perfumes the vital air ?
Who doth the same so freely give,
Then, let me taste its sweets and live.
Art Thou the lily of the vale,
Wherewith our senses to regale ?
Let me be clad in thy costume ;
Which moth and rust can not consume.
Art Thou the vine, whose living root
Supplies the boughs with heavenly fruit ?
Then let the Spirit's union join

My soul to Thee, the living Vine.
Art Thou the Head and Soul of all
Created things, both great and small ?
Then grant me Thy goodwill and might,
To guide my thoughts and steps aright.
Art thou a fountain for all sin ?
Ah ! let me bathe my soul therein !
Its waters shall the whole renew,
And cleanse my dirty garment too.
Art Thou a fire ? then purge my dross,
Nor let the gold sustain a loss ;
But may th' refiner ever sit,
And tread the refuse 'neath his feet.
Art Thou the Rock that cannot move ?
The Rock of Ages ? God of love !
On which to build my all upon ;
My Saviour, Christ, thine only Son.
Art Thou the way that leads to God ?
The path in which our fathers trod.
Learn me to walk therein with zeal ;
And in my soul Thyself reveal.
Art thou the door, by which to enter,
Where all is love, with thee the centre ?
And none admitted but the wise,
Who know thou art their only prize !
Art thou the chief, the corner stone ?
Help me to build on thee alone :
That I may claim yon house above ;
(Not made with hands,) which can't remove.
Art thou the temple ? there I'll dwell !
And of thy glorious wonders tell ;
In songs of praise for ever more,

Where saints and angels, thee adore.
 Art thou the bright, and morning star ?
 Riding in love's majestic car !
 Laden with all the fruits of grace,
 For those who see thee, face to face.
 Art thou the sun of righteousness ?
 Let me put on thy glorious dress :
 And then with those, in realms divine ;
 As sun's immortal ever shine !
 The full and true resemblance, we
 Shall bear to him eternally ;
 Who did at first create this world,
 But now ten thousand are unfurl'd !
 Each in extatic joy to share,
 What Christ did for his own prepare ;
 And feast upon the golden store,
 For ever, and for ever more !

AN EXPERIMENTAL PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

ow small the interval between,
 The cradle and the tomb ?
 The three score years and ten have been,
 To me a transient home !
 But yesterday it seems to be,
 That when a child at play ;
 My heart was *eclat*, full of glee :
 And all things then were gay !

The space between the two extremes,
 (Youth, and the hoary head,)
Is fill'd with harsh, or pleasant dreams,
 But now, the vision's fled !
These grief worn, furrow'd cheeks of mine,
 Convey the briny tear,
From those dim eyes, which used to shine,
 So brilliant and so clear.
Sometimes I cast a novel glance,
 On former business done ;
And view the things of time and chance,
 Which now are past and gone.
My limbs with age so feeble grow,
 The silv'ry tresses wave,
Across the forehead, white as snow ;
 And I, am nigh the grave.
My days are swifter than the post,
 Or weaver's shuttle fled !
My time is either won or lost,
 When number'd with the dead.
Reflections on the past, to me
 Present a humid shade,
And shew me what I ought to be,
 Ere in the dust I'm laid.
The privilege to life and bliss,
 Could I live o'er again :
(To me, Montgomery stated this ;)
 Should not be spent in vain !
But, ah ! the day is past, and I
 Shall gather up my feet ;
Prepar'd or not, must surely die,
 My father's God to meet !

And thus, no trace is left behind,
 Our days are few and short ;
 A span, a waft, a gust of wind !
 Which cannot pass for naught.
 The brevity of life is such,
 Our actions on the stage ;
 Will stamp, and validate the touch,
 From Youth to hoary Age !

SELF-INTEREST.

SELF int'rest is with fraud combin'd,
 Nor will it hence remove ;
 Absorbing all the pow'rs of mind,
 Excepting that of love.
 So worthy to the manly breast,
 Of ev'ry gen'rous soul ;
 Who entertains the honor'd guest,
 And drinks the sapient bowl !
 But self, seducer of the young,
 The aged and infirm ;
 Will undermine with double tongue,
 And make the calm a storm.
 " All languages ('tis said) she speaks,"
 Altho' I find but one ;
 Where self in every thing she seeks,
 And aggrandizes none.
 On this small pivot turns the wheel,
 Alone for int'rest sake ;

Will sew, and knit, and spin, and reel,
 And all advantage take ;
 Of friends or foes, no matter what
 The characters he meet ;
 Where interest is, will move the hat,
 To rob, betray, and cheat.
 He seems to love,* tho' hatred is
 Within his selfish heart ;
 Thence issues forth the pleasing phiz,
 To cast a poison'd dart.
 By turns the knave, and honest man,
 Receive his feign'd applause ;
 Who takes advantage where he can,
 And thus self-int'rest goes.—

A GOOD FRIEND.


THE thing on which you most depend,
 For life, and health, and pleasure,
 May happen shortly be your end,
 And then, where is your treasure ?
 Let truth and honesty, attend
 Your every act in life ;
 That each may have a trusty friend,
 In husband, child, or wife.
 But if your kindred cannot blend,
 Their int'rest with you, here ;

* Ezekiel ch. xxxiii v. 31.

You have a good and honest friend,
Within a conscience clear.
And void of all offence to man,
From every sin apart ;
According to the golden plan,
Well grounded in your heart.

AN EPICEDIUUM ON THE REV. ROBERT
NEWTON, D.D.

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, MARCH 30TH, 1854.

 Robert Newton gone, to where
The weary are at rest ?
Eternal happiness to share,
Forever with the blest ?
The clay is mould'ring in the tomb,
From which the spirit's fled !
And now hath landed safe at home,
With Christ, its living head.
By whom, the message he obtain'd,
To preach salvation here,
Full fifty years, while strength remain'd,
He blew the trumpet clear.
Thus, long and loud, the gospel sound,
From honor'd lips was heard !
By thousands, who the spirit found
Attendant on the word.


And shall I say, the trophies, of
The vict'ry that is won ;
By the atonement made in love,
To see them, " Newton's " gone ?
Yes, absent from the body, he
Is present with the Lord ;
Where all the sons of God shall be,
Reaping their grand reward !
A Wesley, Whitfield, Harvey, Clarke,
With Pope, and Baxter bless'd !
Have met a Newton's vital spark,
Returning to its rest.
Behold the convoy Jesus sent !
To guard the spirit home,
'Mid pleasure, peace, and true content,
In flow'ry meads to roam.
Where silv'ry streams of light and love,
Flow sweetly through the air ;
In golden channels, far above :
And ah ! is " Newton " there ?
Chanting, in songs the most sublime,
Loud praises to the Lamb !
In yon delightful heav'nly clime,
Where dwells the great I Am !
Whose hidden secrets are reveal'd,
To all his children dear ;
The Book of life is now unseal'd,
And " Newton " reads it clear.
With millions more, in garments bright,
Who bear the stamp divine :
In fields of bliss, and realms of light,
As sun's immortal shine !

Ah ! let me die the death of those,
 Who live so righteous here :
 That when this mortal life shall close,
 I may in heaven appear !

THE MILLENNIUM.

A DISSERTATION.

ISAIAH 35.

HE wilderness shall then be glad,
 The desert shall rejoice !
 Nor solitary place be sad :
 Where sounds Jehovah's voice.
 All splendid, beautiful, and fair,
 In pristine lustre glow !
 The saints shall breathe salubrious air,
 Wafted on all below.
 While every shrub, and plant, disclose
 Their colour, shade, or hue,
 The desert blossom's as the rose,
 The world is made anew !
 And all the sons of God shall sing,
 (While every heart is free,)
 Loud praises to their lovely King,
 " Who died on Calvary."
 With joy, and gladness, each shall come,
 Sounding Jehovah's praise—
 Nor e'er a discord to benumb,
 Their sentimental lays.

“Carmel, and Lebanon, rejoice ;”
And all the Isles are glad—
“To hear the sound of Jesu’s voice,”
No countenance is sad.
The Church of God is made secure,
 (’Mid Sharon’s balmy sweets,)
And shall forever-more endure—
 This song, the “rose” repeats !
The excellence of God is here,
 “The glory of the Lamb !”
No doubt, despair, distress, or fear,
 Behold, “the Great I Am !”
Hark ! “strengthen ye the weak” he saith,
 Confirm the feeble knee ;
Ye fearful hearts be strong in faith,
 For Christ shall make you free.
The eyes of those who once were blind,
 Shall see the glory of
Their “Saviour,” merciful and kind ;
 The essence of true love.
The lame, and halt, shall leap for joy,
 The dumb shall sing his praise ;
And nothing can their peace destroy,
 Or mar their lovely lays.
A pool the parched ground shall be,
 And springs of water rise
Out of the same, in harmony ;
 With earth, and air, and skies.
Where reeds, and rushes ever grew,
 And dragons used to lay ;
The grass is green, with splendid hue,
 And flow’rs in grand display.

The path of holiness is here,
The King's highway indeed !
Where all is beautiful and clear,
The captive soul is free'd.
"No rav'nous beast, or lion" now,
Are in the "garden" found,
Where fruits eternal, ever grow—
This spot is hallow'd ground !
The man wayfaring, tho' a fool,
Hath vanquish'd all his foes ;
By dipping in "Bethesda's pool !"
He rests in sweet repose.
"The ransom'd of the Lord return
To Zion's lovely hill"—
With songs of praise, nor ever mourn ;
To do his sovereign will.
Ah ! blessed state, "let me aspire,"
To Zion's holy mount ;
No more on earth do I require,
While sipping at the fount.
Where springs eternal ever rise
The fountain of all bliss !
Ten thousand worlds it now supplies ;
As well as us, in this.



SUPEREROGATION! AND BLISS ETERNAL!!!

PHILOLOGISTS may strive their best,
Factitious folk to please ;
Who wink at Nature, and detest
To pay her legal fee's.
Reproach, and obloquy may prey
Upon their mind and will,
In objurgatory display ;
Behold them winking still.
Puff'd up with arrogance and pride,
In self-conceited rank,
Are all, in all ; and nought beside !
Mankind are but a blank.
Some, doubtless have acquired much,
By science and by art,
Which gives to pride a double touch ;
"Popinjah's horse and cart."
The Physiologist knows well
What merits his esteem !
Tho', art may teach him how to spell ;
Yet Nature, is his theme.
He casts his eye across the deep,
While mountain billows roll !
Their true diurnal motion keep ;
And lash from pole to pole.
Thus, in rotary march progress,
Nor art or force control ;
At times, they seem as in distress,
Well-nigh upset the bowl.

But no, it cannot, cannot be ;
Omnipotence is there !
Whose word alone commands the sea,
And every breath of air.—
Now take the landscape at a glance,
Behold its varied hue !
And tell me, has it come by chance ?
Or eve, or morning dew.
Then take a view above your reach,
On yon most splendid span !
Which stands a monument to preach
A sermon unto man!
This arch is bas'd upon the Flood,
(Prognostic, surely firm ;)
And ever since the Deluge, stood,
Most brilliant in the storm !
A token of good-will to man,
(None ever wish'd to doubt ;)
Tho' he, to wisdom, counter ran,
And rais'd a long dispute.
Nature's sublimity is wrought,
Man can't materialize !
Or shew magnificence by naught,
As did "the only wise."
Behold the splendour of the Sun,
Progressing in his march,
Whose work is never, never done,
He gilds the spangl'd arch !
'Mid rains descending to the earth,
The same to fructify ;
No shrub, or plant, but feels the worth,
Of Him, who cannot die.—

Tho' in a soporif'rous state,
In winter, these may lay ;
God's goodness never can abate,
Behold the Summer's day !
Fruitful, and fertilizing all
Beneath th' ethereal sky,
Arise from sleep, and at his call,
Our varied wants supply.
The Maker's signature is giv'n,
On every blade of grass !
Which tells me that the God of Heav'n
Hath brought these things to pass.
For man's convenience, and dare he
Attempt to mutilate ?
Or mar, what was design'd to be
A permanent estate ?
Of all the splendour nam'd above,
This truth none can excel ;
Man is the object of his love,
Who deigns with him to dwell !
For why ? the spark of heav'nly flame,
Within his bosom reigns !
And all he has in Jesu's name,
While God himself remains.
True bliss on earth, thrice blest in heaven !
No higher bliss can be ;
When this to man is freely given,
He's bless'd eternally !—



THE BOUGH, WITH THE MUSICAL STRINGS!

OR, THE FAIREST FLOWER IN NATURE.

THE primrose and cowslip so grand,
 Are foster'd with care in the earth :
 While blooming delightfully stand,
 And fragrant perfumes issue forth.
 The lily and daisy the same,
 Tho' trampled on by the beast ;
 And many more sweets I could name,
 Are given to it now to feast—
 But woman's the loveliest flower
 That Nature alone can produce !
 Her beauty may fade in an hour ;
 Yet she is for man's special use.
 And this was ordained at first,
 A union that naught should divide ;
 For man without a woman, is lost ;
 But hark, he has got a young bride !
 Now she close by his side here sits,
 And they two united in one ;
 With influence 'over his wits,
 Without whom, he'd little or none.
 Ye buxom, attend to the news,
 And listen to what I shall say ;
 No man of good sense will abuse,
 The partner, and bliss of his day !
 Some virtues of her I will state ;
 Altho' it is out of my power


The fullest extent to relate,
Of nature's immaculate flower !*
What could he then do without her ?
Whose tongue, has a musical sound,
When you are deep sunk in demur,
It will raise your head above ground.
All cunning can never divide
The part, and the parcel of man !
For she, is the rib of his side ;
The bond, in the union ran.
Tho' he, be the master of arts,
Endowed with physical power ;
Yet, what is the head without parts ?
And what is the stem, to the flower ?
Man needn't to set himself up,
So very much out of his place ;
They must both partake of one cup ;
And never think this a disgrace.
But just the reverse now is it,
The fairest of fair for to meet ;
Here, close by her side, thus to sit,
And at the same table to eat.
Then take a walk, or ride in the air,
Enjoying the sweets of the day ;
To the loveliest bow'rs repair,
And that, in the sunshine of May.
Conversing, delightfully speak,
On subjects about men and things ;
Where amorous love cannot break
The bough with the musical strings.

* Jesus Christ.

What shall I say more of the sex ;
To shew you the worth of the same ?
Just keep her in tune, she'll not vex,
But raise you to eminent fame.
When sick and infirm, she will keep,
And do for you all that she can ;
Yea, sooth you to rest in a sleep !
All this will she do for her man !
How, then, can we value too much,
This blessed and heavenly boon ?
Ye Buxom, who haven't got such,
Must strive to look after it soon.
For, if you the season let slip,
You never may have it again ;
Nor can you along with her trip,
But may have to wander in pain.
If you ask a reason, I'll give it :
(Celibacy you shall bemoan ;)
" The God of Creation saw fit,
That Adam should not be alone !
A help-meet so handsomely fair !
Surprisingly fitted to man !
Of one, was created a pair,
And wisdom conducted the plan !
Thus, thus is the miracle done ;
Cemented together by love,
The two are united in one !
And blend in the fountain above.
There's something mysterious in this !
When man from his happiness fell,
T' restore him to permanent bliss,
The unity answered well !

But here is the touchstone and drill,
 Our Maker, caus'd her to give birth
 To the most blessed "boon," at his will ;
 "Redeemer of Man," she brought forth.
 Had it not been for this, we were lost,
 And lost, we should ever remain ;
 The blood of our Saviour it cost,
 To expiate sorrow and pain.
 Mark ! Woman's the instrument given
 To Man, in the product of seed :
 Which shall rise the lump by the leaven,
 That all may deliciously feed.
 This, this is my subject and theme ;
 So honor'd and dignifi'd, she,
 Who merits the highest esteem,
 In which you must ever agree.
 To dwell with each other on earth,
 In the sweetest harmonica, love ;
 Nor know the extent of their worth,
 Till they find the secret above.
 Now take it for granted that we,
 Have a right to admire the flower !
 And pluck it where ever it be,
 And plant it afresh in the bower !

THE CAUSE OF WAR, AND ITS REMEDY.

RIDE and ambition are the cause,
 Of all the horrid, deadly blows,
 Struck and received by the foes
 Of Christianity !

For ever let this passion cease ;
And in its place, true love, and peace
Be fix'd, to grow with vast increase,
To all eternity !

For why one be another's slave ?
Or why the vassal of a knave ?
Can this be valiant, noble, brave,
To fetter human souls ?
Wherever man imposes this,
He's sure to find things all amiss ;
And in the end lose future bliss,
When Gabriel sinks the Poles !

True Britons can't monopolize
The thing which makes the foolish, wise,
Freedom, with dignity they prize,
Who spread it far and wide ;
Let this be clearly understood ;
Mankind are all of human blood,
United thus in brotherhood,
Nor can it be deni'd.


By climate, skins, in colour vary,
And Esau like, whose hide was hairy ;
Or Jacob's, which was quite contrary ;
Yet each have got a soul,
And that's the standard of the man !
Which Torrid Zone could never tan,
Or alter from its Author's plan,
While Ocean billows roll.

As sun's immortal man shall rise !
If like the " Virgins (who were wise,")

Secure on earth the golden prize ;
 Jesu's peculiar choice !
Let each contribute to the same,
By fanning up the mental flame ;
To shine in honor of his name,
 And sound the tranquil voice.


Behold the Potentate on high !
Who laid his prestine glory by,
All carnal weapons to defy ;
 By perfect love alone.
Whose own example thus he gave,
To liberate the bonded slave ;
By princely valour bold and brave :
 Did for the world atone !

THE ROSE OF SUMMER REVIVED.

ND is this the fair rose that you so much deplore.
The loss of whose beauty when summer is o'er ?
Let us just contemplate the sweet subject awhile,
Which used in the sunshine our hearts to beguile.
Mark, the King, in his palace 'mid splendor and power,
Can't vie with the beauty of this pretty flower !
When I first saw the rose, in magnificence clad,
My senses reviv'd and my heart was made glad !
While inhaling its fragrance, delightfully free,
'Twas far more enchanting than beauty to me.

Tho' the dewdrops were hung on the thorn where it
 grew,
 They truly give lustre its grace to renew :
 Then the sun in its zenith gives heat to revive,
 And keep the sweet rose, in its vigour alive !
 But the last rose of summer is what we deplore,
 When the season is gone then where is its store ?
 For the winter approaches with cold pinching blast,
 To sever its pride and its beauty at last.
 Ah ! behold it now quiver, and drop from its stem !
 But where is the sun and the life giving gem ?
 Lacking which to its origin drop'd in repose !
 And this is an end of the beautiful rose.
 Tho' the wise keep its essence to serve through the
 year,
 When the mind is depress'd the senses to cheer.

THE SMILE OF THE ROSE, WOMAN THE SIMILE.

ND can the essence of the rose,
 My languid frame revive ?

By application to the nose,
 Where sense is just alive.

The statement's true, yet more I'll bring
 As moral, pure and clean ;
 Its lustre doth outshine the King !
 But what about the Queen ?

The rose, with her I must compare ;
When man is woman's friend :
No care or trouble will she spare,
For him she'll make and mend.

The roses flush upon the cheek,
The modest placid eye ;
A reciprocity will seek,
Which nought but love can buy.

Whose countenance is quite serene,
With heart devoid of guile ;
Her features speak the thing I mean,
In one delightful smile !

A true resemblance of the Rose,
Without duplicity ;
Such handsome graces here disclose,
In perfect dignity !

Nor ostentatious in display,
Upon the bough to bend ;
And breathe its fragrant life away,
In virtue of its friend.

Superbly more than this, I see,
The intellectual eye !
Which rolls in love, for ever free ;
A gem ! which cannot die.

Whose excellence we can't create,
Nor yet the boon destroy ;
'Twill bloom, and blossom, in a state
Of everlasting joy !

INDELIBLE TESTIMONIAL OF "THE ROSE."

MAN'S privilege is here set forth ;
 Co-partner in the whole ;
 Which stamps on him a tenfold worth,
 The help-mate at a call.

" In every state of life to join,
 With true simplicity ;"
 Nor over reach, or yet purloin,
 To aid felicity.

And then in fecundity, they
 A progeny shall have ;
 With pow'rs of mind, in grand display,
 And sentiment so brave.

That when the wind with fury blows ;
 Their standard cannot lower ;
 As every leaf within the rose,
 Presents a lovely flower.

" The lily of the valley," must
 Now testify its worth ;
 " The rose of Sharon !"* is the first
 In splendour shining forth.

With unique magnanimity,
 And lustre undefin'd !
 Substantiate sublimity,
 With prowess of the mind.

* Jesus Christ.

MORAL.

The Rose in Procession.

The last rose of summer, and first in the train,
To draw the rest forward, with him to remain ;
For ever and ever, when time is no more,
And reap the sweet essence, of his precious store.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA !!!

THE ship wherein bold Peter sail'd,
Was toss'd about by wind and storm ;
And in the midst his courage fail'd,
When reft of anchor sure and firm.
While on the sea where mountain billows bound,
And hope so far away from solid ground.
Mark, in the fourth watch of the night,
When dark and dreary, the look out ;
His mates, with him beheld a sight,
Which thus created fear and doubt.
While strange forbodings fill'd each throbbing breast,
Nor could they find one moment's peace or rest.
'Twas Jesus walking on the sea,
Quite full of mercy, truth, and power ;
Approaching thus, to set them free,
Now, in their most distressing hour.
Whom when they saw, cried trem'rously in fear !
It is a spirit ! see ! 'tis coming near.

But hark ! a voice call'd loud and clear,
Cheer up, " 'tis I ! be not afraid ;"
Then Peter's hope reviv'd to steer
His course along the dreary shade :
While faith hereby a little was restor'd,
He answer'd thus unto his master, Lord !

Is't thou ? then bid me come to thee,
I'll venture, if thou give command ;
I'll walk upon the raging sea,
As firmly, as on solid land !
Then lo ! sweet Jesus now, his faith to try,
Bid Peter come, (while he was drawing nigh.)

Forthwith he left the ship, and all
His mates on board, to tread the deep ;
And thus obey'd his master's call,
In faith, did firm his footing keep.
But soon he fail'd of hope's connecting link ;
By boist'rous winds appal'd, began to sink.

Thus then, he cried unto his Lord,
" O save me," or I perish here ;
Can'st thou not now, thy help afford ?
While I'm in danger doubt and fear.
Jesus stretch'd forth his arm omnipotent !
And sav'd poor Peter, who was nearly spent.

He now, with Master on the sea,
Hath footing sure and firm enough ;
As love in mercy set him free,
And calm'd the raging storm so rough !
When landed where his mates were all on board ;
Then worship'd they their God ; with one accord.

THE LIFE BOAT!!!

THE storms of life can not prevail,
Tho' seas of trouble roll ;
While we upon the Ocean sail,
With life boat of the soul.

" Jesus our Captain," now on board,
Is always at the helm ;
With vessel theet, and richly stor'd,
Which nothing can o'erwhelm.

The winds are hush'd, the storm's a calm,
Poor Peter witness'd this ;
When Jesus took him by the arm,
And brought him into bliss.

Where all exclaim'd in truth thou art,
The mighty " Son of God ;"
With sole possession of the chart,
The compass and the rod.

Wherewith to govern and control,
The massive universe ;
Both land and seas, from pole to pole,
Thy signal pow'r rehearse.

And shall we mortals, doubting, say
Thine arm is weak and short ?
Witness the hand, without delay,
Which sinking Peter caught.

If little faith, produced such !
An increase must do more ;
Lord, with thy wand, my spirit touch ;
And grant me all thy store.

Then shall I live by faith on thee,
Tho' death obstruct my way ;
The passage still, to heaven is free ;
And faith shall win the day !

The day for which all other days,
All other days were made :
Wherein to sing thy endless praise,
And never retrograde.


Ah, " blessed state ! may this be mine,"
To reign with thee above !
And in thy lovely image shine,
Nor life-boat e'er remove.

Then shall I brace my music string,
And sound its sweetest note !
When Thou dost me to glory bring,
Safe in Thine own life-boat.

Where the ship's company shall meet,
Whose hearts with love are fraught,
And every soul in songs repeat,
Christ our salvation bought !



A PRIVATE LETTER, FOR PUBLIC AND
PERSONAL BENEFIT.

 HRENODIAN muses I detest,
Which gender grief and pain ;
To thinking minds they're but pest,
In melancholy strain.

Enough of which, by Nature, we
Are subject to, without
The lamentable tragedy,
In mimickarian flout.

Such carping songs would soon destroy
The lovely, active mind ;
Sweet peace, and comfort, hope, and joy,
Would into atoms grind !

Vain lamentations then deplore,
With all their kindred drear ;
Who'd rob you of your precious store,
And leave you bound in fear.

Distress, and grief, with fell despair,
And all the catalogue,
Of melancholy thought, and care,
A monstrous demagogue !

Then rise, above th' demoniac clan,
With all their train of evil ;
Which never was design'd for man,
But fitted for the Dèvil.


So let him take his lawful right ;
Just leave him to himself ;
Or else he'll fix you in a plight,
And pop you on the shelf.

Where he can have you at a call ;
When you are not aware
He'll snap the prop, and down you fall,
In endless, deep despair !—

MORAL.

My friends I advise you, avoid all you can,
Bad subjects, in word, thought, or deed ;
Attend to sound principle, on the best plan ;
And practice the harmonic breed.
As evil propensities gender the same,
The best are most likely to be
A comfort to man, and will raise him to fame,
While he with the same can agree.
Discontent with a Providence wide of the mark,
Tho' lovely in every form ;
Is like the old Cur, that delights in a bark ;
And passion, that kicks up a storm.


THE FATHER'S SMILE.

HE Father truly loves his Child,
Who keeps him in his place,
By admonitions sweet and mild,
Well season'd too, with grace.

Whose council from the word of God,
Is drawn by faith and prayer ;
Will never use the whipping rod,
When he the rod can spare.
“ If words when softly spoken, turn
The wrath of man away ;”
Let every Parent calmly learn
Their Children, to obey.
While soft and ductile is the mind,
Impression must be made ;
Or else in after years you find,
The wrong foundation laid.
And then the work you cannot mend :
The sturdy stubborn Oak,
Thus grown mature, is hard to bend :
And passion bad to balk.
Base virulence is fix'd thereby,
Which nothing can remove ;
Unless you resolutely try,
The strongest passion, love !
Which must o'ercome the violent rage
Of every surly blast,
Attacking man, from youth to age,
And often binds him fast.
Altho' the system once was found
Replete, with light and truth !
Yet, wisdom knows that folly's bound
Within the heart of youth.
But when the rule prescrib'd above,
Is practis'd while in youth ;
'Twill every evil thence remove,
And reinstate the truth.

Wherein to live and thrive, until
The hoary head shall crown
His lengthen'd years, in free good-will,
The flow'r is fully blown !
Diffusing sweets on all around ;
The leaves of which must fall ;
And mingle with their native ground,
Yet, love "is all in all !—
And shall survive the rack of worlds,"
When matter dies away ;
Its beauty more, and more unfurls,
Through one eternal day !
And then, the Father's lovely smile,
In permanence shall last,
Not for a short and transient while,
But when all time is pass'd !
Where light, and life, and truth, and love,
Spring, present and to come ;
Recipients then shall doubtless prove,
The Father's smile at home.

NATURE'S GAY DAY.

 WAS on Nature's gay day, when the sun shone so
bright,
On the beautiful meads, and the landscape around ;
Where in feasting I'd graphic and mental delight,
From the delicate odours and musical sound :

While my senses were charm'd, by the unique display
On the hills and the vallies majestically grand ;
And the harmony splendid, on Nature's gay day !
Were far more to me, than the world at command.
All the birds were delighted, contented and free,
Pouring melodies forth, just to give me a treat ;
Not a feast in the world so delicious to me,
As the scene so transporting, in nature complete.
While the zephyrs are wafting, through mulberry trees,
Which impregnate the air with the sweets of the
bowl ;
To partake of the same, in the Midsummer breeze,
Is reviving and cheering, to body and soul.
Here's enough and to spare, inexhaustible store !
In the garden of Nature, for all Adam's race ;
Only feast on her dainties (you cannot do more,)
By the rules so transmitted, are zested in grace.
Then with " Gothie," in praise of sweet nature to sing ;
And with " Hepple," accepting the rise of each day,
Th' unmerited gift at the hand of the King,
Who created the subject, and dress'd it so gay !

THE SOLID GIFT.

(CHRIST THE DONOR.)




W HATEVER blessings thou deny,
Grant me that precious grace ;
Which all the world could never buy !
Nor all the world erase.

My heart shall then in perfect peace,
Be ever fill'd with love ;
With which o'erflowing, cannot cease,
To praise the Lamb above !
Who left his high, exalted seat,
And came to dwell below ;
That I might now the song repeat,
Which Seraph's wish'd to know.
But ah ! the secret doth belong
To him alone who gives,
The grace to sing the lovely song,
With those whom Christ receives.
By whose atonement ever blest,
In time, and pass'd its bound ;
Who, in his righteousness are dress'd,
The precious gem have found.—
Ah ! let the boon to me be given,
That I, while here may live,
Thus to enjoy the life of heaven,
By what thou hast to give.
Then, praises shall employ my breath,
Down to the verge of time ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
I'll sing the most sublime !
When cross'd the Jordan, there to meet,
Yon lovely, happy throng :
Who worship at their Saviour's feet,
And chant the noble song !—
" To Christ the Lamb," for ever be,
All praise, and pow'r divine ;
In everlasting dignity,
My face, like His, shall shine.

Then happy, happy, evermore,
 And on the vast increase ;
 There shall I reap the golden store !
 Where blessings never cease.
 World without end, in company
 With all the saints above,
 Who form th' harmonic symphony,
 In strains of perfect love.
 This privilege, to man is given,
 By Him, who holds the key
 Of all things, both in earth and heaven,
 And bids us each make free !

AWAY ! AWAY !! AWAY !!!

COMPOSED ON THE 17TH OF FEBRUARY, 1857, BIRTH-
 DAY OF THE AUTHOR, AGED FIFTY YEARS.

 AWAY with sad doubt and despair,
 AWAY with tumultuous strife !
 Away with all trouble and care,
 Which pester me out of my life.
 Away to the mount I will fly !
 Away to the seat of content ;
 Away to the House up on high,
 And thither, my steps are all bent.
 Away, far away from the yoke,
 Away from the bondage of sin :
 Away in the Garden to walk,
 Where Jesus is ever within !

Away to the "Lamb that was slain,"
 Away to the mountain of God ;
 Away, in sweet bliss to remain,
 And never more suffer the rod.

Away to the seas of delight !
 Away to the rivers of peace !
 Away to the day without night,
 That never, no never shall cease.

Away to my kindred above !
 Away to my family there !
 Away to yon spot I will move,
 And travel by faith, hope, and prayer.

Away to the mansion of rest,
 Away to the elegant sight ;
 Away to the seat of the bless'd,
 And that is my Father's delight.


Away, in the Chariot divine !
 Away on the wings of a Dove !
 Away with my Saviour to shine,
 Drawn up, by the cords of his love.

Away to the land of the wise !
 Away to the arms of my Lord !
 Away to the excellent prize,
 The Saint's everlasting reward.

Away when the spirit is fled,
 Away, far away from the tomb ;
 Away, by Emmanuel led,
 To flowery pastures at home !

A FAREWELL PRESENT, (VIZ:)—“THE
PRIVILEGE OF MAN,”

BY THE AUTHOR TO HIS SON ON LEAVING THE SHORES
OF OLD ENGLAND FOR AMERICA, MAY 8TH, 1856.

 HIS Book to thee “I here present,
My son,” the same receive :
And may its truths bring home content,
And cause thee to believe—
That God, thy heavenly Father will
Guide all thy steps aright ;
In thee the work of grace fulfil,
By his own spirit's might.
Through Christ alone whose love supreme,
Caus'd him to die for thee ;
Both soul and body, to redeem,
And set the captive free.
To whom let gratitude arise
Within thy bosom here ;
And thou shalt reap the golden prize,
Where all his saints appear.
In heaven we meet, to part no more,
Our voices there shall blend,
In lovely songs on Canaan's shore !
When this short life shall end.
Thus blest in time, and blest forever
With grace, and glory too,
That nothing may the union sever,
“God bless thee, Lad,” adieu.—

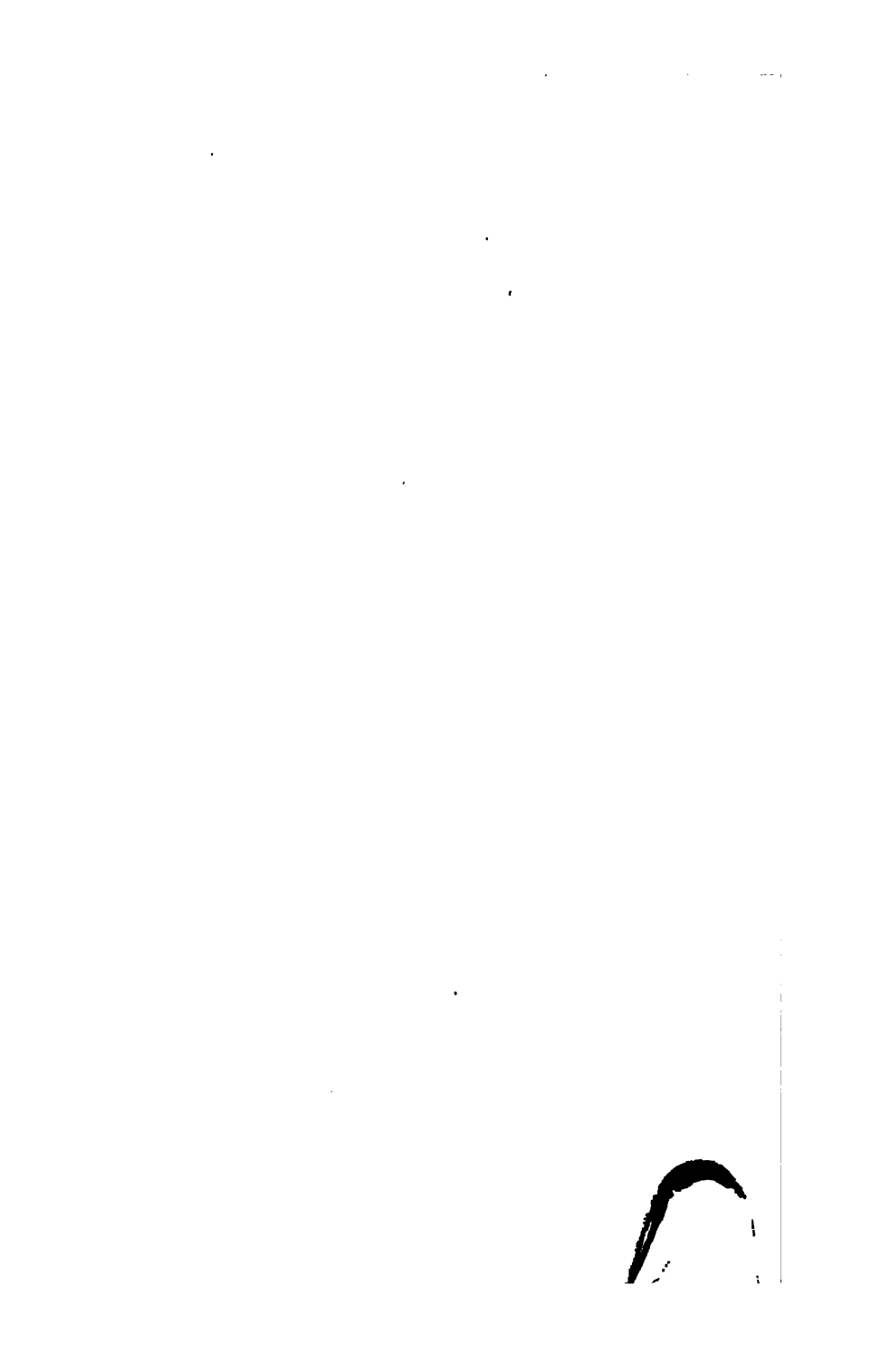
INDEX.

	Page.
An Essay on the Brute Creation - - - -	9
The Sweet Voice of Contentment - - - -	13
The King of Galilee - - - -	15
Abraham sacrificing his Son Isaac - - - -	17
Cemeterial Prohibition - - - -	20
Laurel for the Dead - - - -	21
Immeability - - - -	23
Unity is Strength - - - -	28
A lively Conference with Deity - - - -	30
The single Eye, highly beneficial - - - -	32
The Equinoctial Harvest, in the North of England -	33
The Cottager's Home - - - -	36
None so deaf as them that won't hear - - - -	38
The Important Call - - - -	40
The Guilty Conscience, and perfect Cure - - - -	41
And What about Friends? - - - -	43
A Moral Protector - - - -	44
'Tis All Deception - - - -	45
A Moral Query, Answered - - - -	46
Fruition - - - -	47
The First Poem ever made of Original Matter - -	49
The Highest Pitch of Morality by Custom Familiarized	52
Ocular Demonstration - - - -	54
Profession - - - -	55

	Page.
The Ghost of Coatham Green - - -	56
A Modest, tho' very Needful Request of a Son to his Father-in-Law - - -	58
The Busy-body, and Self-conceited - - -	59
A Winter Piece - - -	61
Alexander the Great, and the Large Apple - - -	64
The Solitudenarian - - -	65
The Cleveland Feast, Prepared - - -	67
The Pathetic Inquiry - - -	69
A Birth-day Present - - -	71
The Father's Solitude - - -	72
Illegal Taxation on Providence, and Presumptive Self-boasting - - -	74
Rustic Courtship - - -	77
The Courtship ended - - -	80
The Mistake - - -	81
Canny Yatton, under Roseberry-Topping - - -	82
Pleasure in Elevation - - -	85
The Landlord's Demonstration - - -	87
A Good Sentiment - - -	88
The Way to Lose Everything - - -	90
Proper Means to Obtain Everything - - -	91
A Word to the Envious and Censorious - - -	92
The Garden-gate of Paradise - - -	95
The Summit of Bliss, on Earth - - -	96
Works of the Flesh, and of the Spirit - - -	97
The Passion Song - - -	99
A Laconic Prayer to God - - -	101
An Answer to a Letter - - -	101
The Millennial Song - - -	103
The Agricultural School, at Ayton - - -	104
Graces for Tea Parties - - -	106
Concluding Grace - - -	106
A Dissertation - - -	106
The Song of Moses and the Lamb - - -	108

	Page.
The Devil's Demonstration - - -	112
An Anthem for Christmas-Day - - -	114
Israel's Prospect on the Banks of Jordan - -	116
The Great Grand Exhibition in London, May, 1851	117
The Old Castle Ghost - - -	120
The Door of Reflection shut - - -	123
Anacreon's Plea for Drinking - - -	125
Answer to Anacreon's Plea for Drinking -	126
Continued - - -	129
Momenticity of Time - - -	132
Make Hay while the Sun Shines - - -	134
Be Careful for Nothing - - -	136
A Good Maxim - - -	137
Light Sprung out of Darkness - - -	138
The Peaceful Patriot - - -	140
Domestic Happiness Obtained - - -	143
The Philosopher and the Inquisitoria - -	145
The Marriage Feast, in Eden's Bower - -	149
Wilful Violation of the Sabbath - - -	151
A Dissertation on Time, and its Proper Use -	153
The Enchanted Waters - - -	155
The Medicine Chest - - -	157
The Fruits of Infinite love - - -	159
The Child's Determination - - -	161
The Tacitonia - - -	162
The Peaceful War - - -	167
A Specimen of War, and Splendid Titles - -	169
The Talent - - -	175
Creation of the World - - -	176
The Way to Quell the Storm - - -	178
A Good Fortune Bequeathed to the Intended Spouse,	180
Cause and Effect - - -	181
The Priest and Philosopher - - -	182
Remember the Poor - - -	184
A Pleasing Soliloquy - - -	185

	Page.
An Ardent Invocation - - - - -	188
The Thistle and the Rose - - - - -	190
Sympathy, Ask and Have - - - - -	191
The Body and Soul of the Secularist - - - - -	192
My Own Fireside - - - - -	194
The Most Desirable - - - - -	195
The Last Rose of Summer - - - - -	196
To Create Harmony in Married Life - - - - -	197
The Answer - - - - -	ib.
Hostilities at an End - - - - -	198
Effects of the War - - - - -	200
Similitudes, and Realities of Jesus Christ - - - - -	201
An Experimental Picture of Human Life - - - - -	203
Self-Interest - - - - -	205
A Good Friend - - - - -	206
An Epicedium on the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. - - - - -	207
The Millennium - - - - -	209
Supererogation! and Bliss Eternal - - - - -	212
The Bough, with the Musical Strings - - - - -	215
The Cause of War, and its Remedy - - - - -	218
The Rose of Summer Revived - - - - -	220
The Smile of the Rose, Woman the Simile - - - - -	221
Indelible Testimonial of the Rose - - - - -	223
Christ Walking on the Sea - - - - -	224
The Life Boat - - - - -	226
A Private Letter, for Public and Personal Benefit - - - - -	228
The Father's Smile - - - - -	229
Nature's Gay Day - - - - -	231
The Solid Gift - - - - -	232
Away! Away!! Away!!! - - - - -	234
A Farewell Present, viz :—The Privilege of Man - - - - -	236





100

